



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

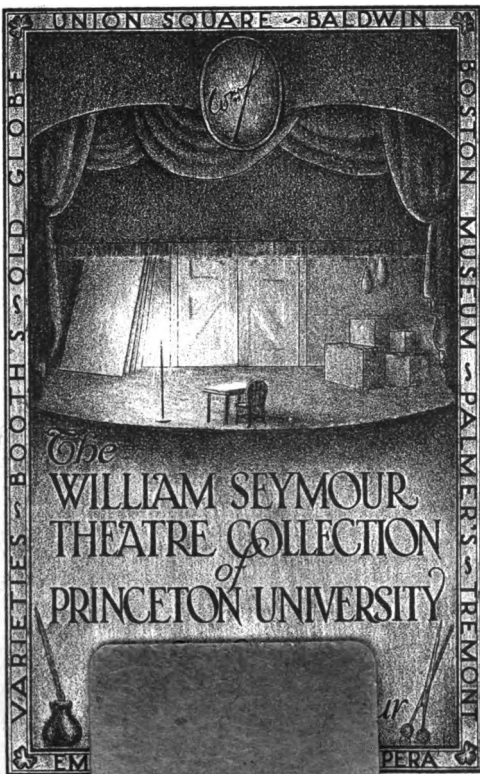
- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

T.h
35771
609
73
10p.2

ANNEX LIB.



To my Father Love -
a Souvenir of our
connection with
'old New York'
Remember!

A LIFE OF
WILLIAM CHARLES MACREADY

Line

1990



WILLIAM CHARLES MACREADY.

A LIBRARY OF MASKS AND FACES

A LIFE OF
WILLIAM CHARLES
MACREADY

BY

W. T. PRICE

Author of "The Technique of the Drama"

New York

BRENTANO'S

CHICAGO

WASHINGTON

PARIS

Copyright, 1894, by
BRENTANO'S

THE CAXTON PRESS
NEW YORK

This Book is Dedicated to

HENRY IRVING

as the successor of William Charles Macready to the supremacy of the English stage. This greeting will reach him first in this printed page, so that he is in no wise identified with my treatment of the subject: his point of contact with Macready is on the side of art alone, each representing and dominating a period in the history of the stage. Henry Irving has a nation of friends this side of the blue water.

W. T. PRICE.

(RECAP)

793500

PREFACE.

THIS book is distinctively an American estimate of the characteristics and achievements of an English actor, whose influence on the player's art and a new form of dramatic literature was as marked with us as in England. It may be safely said that many of Bulwer's plays have been seen by greater multitudes in America than in the land of their first production. The unfortunate complication with Edwin Forrest furnished an incident that will remain a striking bit of stage history. It is almost needless to say that a recognition of Macready's power and services to the stage is fundamental to the trustworthiness of this account of him; but a frank analysis of his character is just as essential to a full understanding of his relation to our stage history. Warmth of admiration for his artistic work

should not preclude a study of his characteristics as a man as they relate to his public career. The endeavor is also made to convey, largely from contemporary testimony, the impressions of his acting; and, recognizing the fact that plays fall into disuse, ample details of the plays from which his fame was most largely derived are given, with a citation of scenes. This, indeed, is the only way to give living force to a record of this kind—a method that would seem to be indispensable with the general reader, whose sympathies and intelligent interest should be awakened by the page before him and not be dependent on additional research. A short life of Macready by William Archer presents the main incidents of his career, but Macready's own "Reminiscences and Selections from his Diaries and Letters, edited by Sir Frederick Pollock, Bart.," furnish the basis of all that may be written concerning the actor.

The English reader may be inclined to resent some of the passages of this book, but the spirit of the writer is one of kindly frankness, and the privilege of comment is amply justified in the share that America had in providing for the great actor the means for an early retire-

ment from the stage to spend more than twenty years in dignified and philosophic ease—a benediction that was his constant prayer, and which was, in so large a measure, made possible by a people that gave him honor, and protected him from indignity and personal peril at a cost. Moreover, these printed pages, frank as they are, seek to serve his fame.

W. T. PRICE.

NEW YORK, October, 1894.

CONTENTS.

CHAPTER	PAGE
PREFACE	i
I. PROVINCIAL,	1
II. THE FIRST TEN YEARS IN LONDON,	48
III. THE SECOND TEN YEARS,	24
IV. MANAGEMENT,	58
V. CHARACTERISTICS AND ANECDOTES,	79
VI. VISITS TO AMERICA, THE COMPLICATION WITH FORREST, AND THE ASTOR PLACE RIOT,	110
VII. "WILLIAM TELL," "VIRGINIUS," "WERNER," "THE BRIDAL," ETC.	142
VIII. "ION," "GISIPPUS," ETC.	155
IX. BULWER'S PLAYS: "THE LADY OF LYONS," "RICHELIEU," "MONEY," ETC.	159
X. CHARACTERISTICS AND MERIT,	178
XI. THE CLOSE OF THE CAREER,	189
XII. IN RETIREMENT: LAST DAYS,	198
INDEX,	203

WILLIAM CHARLES MACREADY.

CHAPTER I.

PROVINCIAL.

WITH sad reminiscence William Charles Macready records the story of his boyhood; but, in truth, the conditions for the making of an actor were never happier, and to the vicissitudes and sternness of a somewhat perverse and irascible father, himself an actor and manager, he was indebted for the foundation of a career, brilliant in achievement, and altogether remarkable in the manner of man it created. Any honest life of Macready must treat with equal frankness his distinct characteristics as an actor and as a man.

William Macready, the elder, was esteemed as a player in and about Dublin, his native place, where his father was one of the most respectable tradesmen of the city, and held in

honor as "the father of the corporation." The respectability of his upholstering served him so well that he left a fortune of £20,000, but nearly all of it was wasted in litigation, a remnant of only £2 reaching the widow, the second wife of William Macready. The tradesman's help, however, had sustained the son in some of his early ventures as a manager.

William Macready attracted the attention and gained the friendship of Macklin, in Dublin, where he appeared as Egerton to the actor's famous Sir Pertinax Macsycophant. Through Macklin's influence he secured engagements in England, and played under Mattocks at Liverpool and Manchester. About this time he married Miss Christina Ann Birch, an actress of the provinces, serviceable, but unpretentious in her work. She was born at Repton, England, the grand-daughter of a vicar, and with those associations that, in the logic of English society, are deemed distinctly respectable. In September, 1786, the two were in London, where the husband had secured an engagement at Covent Garden Theatre. He remained under the management of Harris for ten seasons. He was hardly more than a utility actor, perfect in text, but ordinary in performance.

Gratiano, Guildenstern, Young Marlow, and Fag in the "Rivals," are the most important parts in the list of his characters. The wife does not seem to have appeared in London at all.

At the date of the birth of his son, William Charles Macready (March 3, 1793), the elder Macready was a member of the company of Covent Garden. He was the adapter of two or three forgotten farces, and was evidently a person of more force of character than talent. The old actor was no inconsiderable man. Two years before he left his London employment he undertook the management of the theatre at Birmingham, in 1795. From this time on, until the end of his life, he managed a provincial circuit, failing at one point, and getting on his feet at another. He undertook the building of several theatres, and although he had frequently to hide from his creditors and evade the Sheriff, he managed to leave his second wife, the step-mother of the then distinguished William Charles Macready—referred to twice in the diary incidentally as "Mrs. Macready"—in the possession of a remunerative theatrical property. A stout-hearted, visionary man he was, who fought adversity uncomplainingly. "Go away! go away!" he said to his son who gave ex-

pression to his grief on finding him in jail. "Go away! I can stand anything but compassion. If you cannot control yourself, go away!"

Young Macready's boyhood was spent largely at schools. The influence and experience of home hardly came into his existence. We get a glimpse of him first at Kensington, in a uniform of scarlet jacket and blue or nankeen trousers; then he was removed to Birmingham, and later to Cheltenham. His principal schooling was at Rugby, beginning in 1803, where a cousin of his mother, William Birch, was one of the tutors. Thither the studious lad proceeded, carrying with him a little store of books,—“Plutarch,” “Tooke's Pantheon,” Pope's “Homer—” which he learned almost by heart; Mentor's “Letters to Youth,” his mother's gift, and Leland's “History of Ireland,” a present from his grandfather. Here he had some experience of fagging; was at times so diligent that he earned several shillings each week in the way of reward; had his battle, in the fashion of all sturdy English lads, with a bullying school-mate; and was so rebellious, in a boy's own way, as to wish “old Birch was in hell;” but his application is apparent in the touch of pedantry that it lent to the man in all his later

years; his diaries having many aphorisms and passages, some of his own composition, in Latin, whilst his prompt books and parts used to be annotated in the classic tongue.

After the first half year at Rugby he was called to Sheffield, and was told that his mother had died the day before his arrival. He was able to look on her placid face, "and through succeeding years that image of tranquility and love has not left me," he wrote in his old age. In truth, Macready had a strong love for his own. His conception of his mother was ideal. He makes no mention of her as an actress, and he seems to have set up her memory as a loving and gentle character in contrast to the harshness of his father, attaching no little importance to the gentility of her birth. No doubt it was her purpose to have him educated as a gentleman, and the regret of having been diverted from the bar or the church remained with him as long as he lived. This disposition to idealize the early conditions and possibilities of his life is also apparent in his reference to his sister Olivia: "She was a year and a-half old when I came into the world, and died a month after I had completed my fifth year: but she lives, like a dim and far-off dream to my memory, of a

spirit of meekness, love and truth, interposing herself between my infant will and the evil it purposed." The children that survived were Edward, a brother six years younger than William Charles Macready, who became an officer in the army, and occupied official positions, and died in 1848; Letitia, who became a member of the household of the actor, and whose name is marked on the marble tablet that records the destiny of that family that sleep together as "the sister and friend of William Charles Macready;" and Ellen, who lived apart from her brother, but was cared for by him.

At Rugby occasional performances were given by the students. Young Macready distinguished himself in recitation, and in one or two of the performances indicated aptitude; but his own desire, and the purpose of the family, was that his education should fit him for the bar. Thus, when he visited his father's theatre occasionally, and while he had the freedom of the regions back of the stage, he had no thought of the stage for himself. He was a playmate of the young "prodigy," Betty, who performed at his father's theatre, but his plans were not touched by this relationship. In the meanwhile his father entered into the purchase of the

theatre at Manchester, having in hand or having managed houses at Birmingham, Sheffield, Newcastle and elsewhere. He had accumulated some property, but he now became so involved that he could not send his son back to Rugby, and the bills were cared for for awhile by Birch.

About this time young Macready received manual punishment from his father on some slight misunderstanding, and he determined to run away. From this purpose he was dissuaded by some lady in the household, who conceived the idea that he could become a second Betty, and thus relieve his father from his embarrassment. He was not yet 16, and he did not share the hope of his counsellor; but with the practical aim of being useful in the emergency, he presented himself in his father's office, and offered his services. The elder Macready had a pride in his profession, so that he was, no doubt, ready enough to brush aside the family fiction that had crept in through the Birches, that respectability must be sought through some higher calling. Macready himself never did entirely reconcile himself to his profession, and makes this comment on his adopting it: "My experience has taught me that whilst the law,

the church, the army and the navy give a man the rank of a gentleman, on the stage that designation must be obtained in society (though the law and the Court decline to recognize it) by the individual bearing. In other callings the profession confers dignity on the initiated ; on the stage the player must contribute respect to the exercise of his art. This truth, experienced too late, has given occasion to many moments of depression, many angry swellings of the heart, many painful convictions of the uncertainty of my position. I was not aware, in taking it, that this step in life was a descent from that equality in which I had felt myself to stand with those of family and fortune whom our education had made my companions. I had to live to learn that an ignorant officer could refuse the satisfaction of a gentleman on the ground that the appellant was a player ; and that, whilst any of those above-named avocations, whatever the private character, might be received at Court, the privilege of appearing in the sacred precincts was too exclusive for any, however distinguished, on the stage."

The boy's services were really needed at this time. He had to set out at once and look after the company at Newcastle and on the circuit.

After a little experience of this kind, he accompanied Fawcett, of the Drury Lane management, to London, a friend of his father; takes lessons in fencing, has free admission to Drury Lane, and witnesses the turbulence that ruled for three months on occasion of the O. P. riots, observes acting as best he can, makes the acquaintance of some people of distinction, sees Sheridan in the park, and remembers "his handsome, sickly face, and lively, good-humored manner." Returning to Leicester he finds his father in jail, proceeds to Chester, and has difficulty in getting the company from point to point, pawning his watch in one emergency, and finally gets affairs into such shape that he is able to send his father £3 each week for his needs in prison. Thus at the age of 16 he became a manager.

The country theatres at this time were by no means unimportant. They were not mere barns, and they furnished a comfortable income to the actor, ranging from £70 to £300 a year; they were sources of revenue to the stars from the London stage, who, for the most part, got their schooling in these provincial houses, for a long time, Bath being considered the stepping stone to the metropolitan stage. They were indis-

pensable in towns of very scanty population, the prices being 5s. 4s. and 3s. for the boxes, 2s. to the pit, and 1s. to the gallery. The distance to London, measured by the slow means of conveyance, was great, and in the weeks of assizes and the races the country towns were crowded with the gentry and a concourse of people. The country manager was a good deal of an autocrat; he had need to carry the autocratic methods of the stage into the conduct of his business affairs, and business methods into the management of the stage. The elder Macready had reason to be pleased with the manliness of his boy, but he was not given to praise, and would not suffer the youngster "to know better than his father"—a very crabbed and unreasonable old man indeed. Before he made his *début* Macready had taken an active part in the rehearsals. Once his father was forced to give him a word of commendation. He saw him direct an actor how to perform a scene in which a savage is supposed to have recoiled from his own image reflected in the polished shield of his enemy. "If you can do anything like that on the stage," he said, "there will be few come near you."

The character of Romeo was selected for the

début of the young actor at Birmingham, where he appeared June 7, 1810. He had learned all the positions on the stage by rote—a necessary precaution, as his nervousness, for a while, threatened to overcome him. Other characters quickly followed, among them Young Norval, Zanga, and George Barnwell, in which last-named part he found a special fitness. He now began a custom of careful study and preparation at rehearsal that he retained always. He would lock himself in the theatre, and act over and over again his part. His father was pushing his interest judiciously, and sent him to London to have an engraving made by DeWilde. At Newcastle, in 1811, he first played Hamlet, of which part he remarks, “a total failure in Hamlet is of rare occurrence,” a point that he reiterated in later years, and which has since become a familiar saying in the profession. It is not essential to enumerate all the characters that he essayed in this period of preparation in his career. Mention may be made of Duke Aranza in “The Honeymoon,” Posthumus in “Cymbeline,” Orestes in “Andromache,” Charles II. in “The Royal Oak,” Frederick in “The Natural Son,” Chamont in Otway’s “Orphan,” and Rover in “Wild Oats.” His

father was a practical man, and he seized on the ruling success in London in the way of the equestrian drama, which much disquieted the finer taste of the son, but which enabled the father to make money, and to repay Birch the amount due on the Rugby schooling.

The most important incident of the season of 1811-12 was his experience with Mrs. Siddons, who gave careful attention to the rehearsals of her plays for her engagement at Newcastle, summoning the manager's son to her rooms to give him certain instruction. He played with her in "The Gamester" and "Douglas." We have no more valuable testimony to the great powers and the natural methods of Mrs. Siddons than is given by this most competent witness. Macready says :

"Throughout the tragedy of 'The Gamester' devotion to her husband stood out as the main-spring of her actions, the ruling passion of her being ; apparent when reduced to poverty in her graceful and cheerful submission to the lot to which his vice had subjected her, in the fond excuses of his ruinous weakness, in her conciliating expostulations with his angry impatience, in her indignant repulse of Stukely's advances, when in the awful dignity of outraged virtue

she imprecates the vengeance of Heaven upon his guilty head. The climax to her sorrows and sufferings was in the dungeon, when on her knees, holding her dying husband, he dropped lifeless from her arms. Her glaring eyes were fixed in stony blankness on his face ; the powers of life seemed suspended in her ; her sister and Lewson gently raised her, and slowly led her unresisting from the body, her gaze never for an instant averted from it ; when they reach the prison door she stopped, as if awakened from a trance, uttered a shriek of agony that would have pierced the hardest heart, and, rushing from them, flung herself, as if for union in death, on the prostrate form before her." * * *

" In disclosing the secret of his birth to Norval and acknowledging herself his mother, how exquisite was the tenderness with which she gave loose rein to the indulgence of her affection ! As he knelt before her she wreathed her fingers in his hair, parted it from his brow, in silence looking into his features to trace the resemblance of the husband of her love, then dropping on her knees, and throwing her arms around him, she showered kisses on him, and again fastened her eyes on his, repeating the lines,

' Image of Douglas ! fruit of fatal love !
All that I owe thy sire I pay to thee ! ' "

In parting with Macready she gave him encouragement, and remarked : " But remember what I say, study, study, study, and do not marry till you are thirty. I remember what it was to be obliged to study at nearly your age with a young family about me." Her acting was a revelation to him, and its lessons remained with him.

It is somewhere stated that Mrs. Siddons persuaded his father to let Macready adopt the stage ; but the fact that he had already made his appearance before he met her seems to dispose of this. The more important fact is that the impression of naturalness in acting derived from her confirmed him in truer views of natural methods and pure art, for it helped him out in his antagonism with his father, whose models were Macklin and Quin, and others of the period, and whose taste was ruled by Otway and Rowe rather than by Shakspeare.

Another influence about this time, 1812, was Mrs. Jordan, with whom he played Don Felix in " The Wonder," and of whom he says :

" If Mrs. Siddons appeared the personification of the tragic muse, certainly all the attri-

butes of Thalia were most joyously combined in Mrs. Jordan. With a spirit of fun that would have outlaughed Puck himself, there was a discrimination, an identity with her character, an artistic arrangement of the scene that made all appear spontaneous and accidental, though elaborated with the greatest care. Her voice was one of the most melodious I ever heard, which she could vary by certain bass tones that would have disturbed the gravity of a hermit; and who that once heard that laugh of hers could ever forget it? The words of Milman would have applied well to her—‘Oh, the words laughed on her lips!’ Mrs. Nesbitt, the charming actress of a later day, had a fascinating power in the sweetly-ringing notes of her hearty mirth, but Mrs. Jordan’s laugh was so rich, so apparently irrepressible, so deliciously self-enjoying, as to be at all times irresistible.

“At rehearsal I remarked, as I watched this charming actress intently through her first scene, how minute and how particular her directions were; nor would she be satisfied till by repetition she had seen the business executed exactly to her wish. The moving picture, the very life of the scene was perfect in her mind, and she

transferred it in all its earnestness to every movement on the stage."

Macready continued to progress through a great variety of characters, some of which he made his own in later years. Thus we find him playing Orestes in "The Distressed Mother," Mark Antony, Young Marlow, Oroonoco, Puff, Captain Plume, Richard III., to which he never considered his figure adapted, Doricourt, and other parts. He also made some ventures in the way of restoring the original text of Shakspeare, as in Richard II. and Richard III. At Glasgow he essayed Hamlet; he performed some remarkable feats of quick study in taking the place of actors not up in their parts. "The Stranger," "Othello," "King John," and other plays were added to his repertory. His father assails him with bitter words, and for a while they part.

There is no doubt that with all his sternness and reserve toward his son, the elder Macready exerted all his authority for what he imagined to be the best. He was naturally a violent man, his position as a manager, a despot in his little kingdom, accustoming him to be obeyed. "God's blood" was one of his expletives, and his address to his son was often in the terms,

"You fool, William!" but he took a pride in his progress, and after he had made some headway in London he once dismissed an actor in his company for comparing William Charles Macready unfavorably with Kean and Young. His interference and supervision were onerous; but it is to be remembered that here was a lad of seventeen, made into a leading man of the circuit. Apart from this extraordinary advantage, the failings of the old manager taught him lessons that he profited by in everything except as to temper. The father was preposterously perverse. On one occasion, at Berwick, there was a public celebration that left no chance of attendance at the theatre, yet he ordered the performance, and only surrendered to common sense, when the three occupants of the gallery (the only ones in the house) called out, "Dang it, give over!" He had a pamphlet controversy with a discharged actor, who alleged that "he insisted on a singular subject being followed by a predicate in the plural, if it stood so in the prompt book." To an actor whom he had engaged, he said, "I was told that you were a blackguard, Mr. Atkins, and I was not deceived." To this the reply was, "I was told that you were a gentleman, and I was deceived,

that is all the difference, Mr. Macready." We can see the reactionary effect of the views of the old manager in the reform in the wording of the play bills when the son became a manager himself. One of the father's bills read, in announcing "Pizarro:" "The sense aches with pleasure, while at the same time the heart melts with sympathy, and the mind is entranced with something bordering upon vision supernatural."

An offer from the management of the theatre at Bath gives him an opportunity to appear at a house that received the attention of the London managers. His Romeo, Hamlet, Orestes, Beverley, Hotspur, Luke in "Riches," George Barnwell, Richard III., and other characters displayed his mettle, and the critics had only fault to find with his uncomely face, an objection that gave him small concern. His old friend Fawcett, stage manager of Covent Garden Theatre, saw his second performance of Orestes, and sounded him as to an engagement. Macready, who had now reached his twenty-first year, was able to command good terms for his services. An offer from Dublin of £50 a week, for seven weeks, was accepted, and he concluded to defer arrangements with Covent Garden. In the

meanwhile his father had been making plans for him in his characteristic authoritative way, having suggested to the Covent Garden management an experimental engagement for six or eight nights at £20 a night, success to determine a permanent arrangement. This the young actor, feeling his independence, rejected. He runs up to London, and there meets at dinner, with his father, Edmund Kean. "He was very sparing of words during and for some time after supper, but about one o'clock, when the glass had circulated pretty freely, he became animated, fluent and communicative. His anecdotes were related with a lively sense of the ridiculous; in the melodies he sang there was a touching grace, and his powers of mimicry were most humorously or happily exerted in an admirable imitation of Braham: and in a story of Incledon acting Steady the Quaker at Rochester without any rehearsal—where, in singing the favorite air, 'When The Lads of the Village, So Merrily, Oh!' he heard himself, to his dismay and consternation, accompanied by a single bassoon,—the music of his voice, his perplexity at each recurring sound of the bassoon, his undertone maledictions on the self-satisfied musician, the peculiarity of his habits,

all were hit off with a humor and an exactness that equaled the best display Mathews ever made, and almost convulsed us with laughter. It was a memorable evening, the first and last I ever spent in private with this extraordinary man."

Kean, in his engagement at Glasgow, received £100 a night, but Macready found his own immediately preceding engagement remunerative. He records his own success in Dublin, and notes that his principle was now always to be in earnest; he also adopted the habit of playing with as much spirit before a poor house as before a good one. He considered it a less irksome method of study than practice in the solitude of his room. He believed in study, and utterly rejected the theory that the art could be unpremeditated. "As Talma used to say, 'there is only one best'—to discover that is the labor of the artist; and having once achieved this, is it reconcilable to common sense that he should endanger his credit by tampering with the truth his patient investigation had wrought out?" The approach to perfection, he knew, was gradual; he is also observant, and in the performance of *Mente-vole* he recalls "the image of a prisoner on

trial at Carlisle vainly attempting to preserve his composure under the consciousness of guilt."

An offer from Drury Lane, Byron being of the committee, reaches him; but a more favorable one from Covent Garden leads to a renewal of the correspondence. Macready continued to add to his success in the provinces. At a Garrick Jubilee, at Hereford, he plays Don Felix in "The Wonder," and makes the note: "My long experience on the stage has convinced me of the necessity of keeping, on the day of exhibition, the mind as intent as possible on the subject of the actor's portraiture, even to the very moment of his entrance on the scene." The contract with Covent Garden was finally made at the rate of £16 a week for two years, £17 for two years, and £18 for one year. He was making as much in the country theatres, but he felt that the time for his venture in London had come.

It would not be profitable to record here each appearance of Macready, with date and circumstance, during this novitiate; the details may be found in the Diary, and, with some additions, in the tables appended to the chapters in the life by Archer. It is worthy of

note that in the season of 1813-14, at Glasgow, he brought out, at benefit performances, his own adaptations of "Marmion" and "Rokeby." Significance can only be attached to the early effort in shaping material for the stage, and not to the result. He had gone through the schooling of more than eighty characters in his provincial experience. It may be safely affirmed that he owed more to his father's exertions for the offer from London than he did to himself. It is certain that he made no favorable impression on Geneste, a most competent authority, by his performances at Bath; it is also significant that it was the friend of his father, Fawcett, who opened the way. Macready's position as leading man, an immediate prominence that was possible through his father, brought him into personal contact with the famous actors of the London stage. Thus he played with Kemble—Pierre to his Jaffier—and with Young—Alonzo to his Zanga. Although unknown to the public when he went to London, his professional relations were favorable, and should have been helpful in the highest degree. It was a studious, resolved young man, addicted to sobriety in a time of large bottles, moral in a period of laxity, who

was to make this venture ; but back of all these qualities the appreciative mind may discern the stern figure of the father, whose affection was so often formulated in the admonition, " You fool, William ! "

CHAPTER II.

THE FIRST TEN YEARS IN LONDON.

THE cabinet of Covent Garden at this time was composed of Henry Harris, Reynolds, the dramatic author, reader and adviser of the theatre, and Fawcett, of whom Macready was in some measure a protégé. Macready was announced as from the Theatre Royal, Dublin. Kean and Garrick had, in their time, broken forth on the town with an unexpected and full glow of fame. It is evident that this hope was not entertained for the newcomer. The cabinet deliberated long on a proper play for his introduction. It was understood that a club known as the "Wolves" existed for the purpose of opposing the appearance of any other actor in the characters held by Kean at Drury Lane. The truth is that Macready was not yet strong enough to try conclusions with the fiery little Shaksperian actor. Indeed it was to be a struggle with him before he was to supplant Charles Young, the leading man of

the Covent Garden company; while Charles Kemble, of strong authority in the house, had claims that had not yet been clearly defined by his acting.

"The Distressed Mother," by Phillips, was finally chosen, and Macready made his first appearance on the evening of September 16, 1816, as Orestes. The female element in the cast was weak; Mrs. Glover, fine in comedy, was not well adapted to the character of Andromache, and Mrs. Egerton, strong in melodrama, was not quite the actress for the part of Hermione. Charles Kemble was all that could be desired as Pyrrhus. At the close of the performance, as Macready sank into the arms of Abbott, the Pylades, loud acclamations pronounced his success, and Harris observed that if he could carry a play with such a cast he "did not know what he could not do." His coming had excited some expectation, for Kean was conspicuous in a private box. The *Times* allowed a certain amount of ability, "but did not conceive it was sufficient to shake Young, or much to intimidate Charles Kemble." He made the impression of a man of mind, but his features were held to be lacking in distinction, although his eye could blaze with

fire. Hazlitt, Kean's most ardent panegyrist, in the *Examiner*, closed by saying that he was "by far the best tragic actor that has come out in our remembrance, with the exception of Mr. Kean."

Macready was a little above the medium size, and had an earnest appearance, but he had a somewhat stolid face, not the typical plastic mask of the tragedian; yet later reminiscences of him speak, with common assent, of his smile that at once made it radiant. The *News* said that he was "the plainest and most awkwardly-made man that ever trod the stage, but he is an actor whom in some respects we prefer to Mr. Kean." "They say he is an ugly likeness of Liston," was the remark overheard by Macready himself. John Kemble disagreed with his brother in his estimate of the future of the aspirant, denying the possibility of a career: "Oh, Charles, *con quel viso!*" But this aspect of the case did not disturb Macready. He was familiar with the fact that Le Kain, Talma and Henderson made their way under the same disadvantage. He was morbid on many subjects, but he had not the resentment of nature that Gloster had.

Macready's second character was Mentevole

in "The Italian Lover," the effect of which, in the last act, was afterwards referred to by Talfourd as very powerful, but the treasury was not helped by the newcomer in these parts of an ungrateful kind. Finally Harris, in a spirit of desperation, put forward Young and Macready in Othello and Iago. The attraction was moderate. The business was improved by the return of Miss O'Neill. John Kemble was announced for his last appearances, and the opportunities of the young actor were narrowed; besides, Young and Charles Kemble remained unmoved in their respective rôles; Edmund Kean's supremacy at Drury Lane continued undisputed, and, for the moment, it looked as if Macready had made his venture too soon.

"The Slave," by Morton (November 12, 1816), ran for thirty nights, and afforded Macready his first original part, permitting him to make a little headway. In this play we see the romantic drama peeping out in successful rivalry with the surfeit of the classic. It is odd to read now of Macready's appearance as Gambia in short, white, cotton trunks, his face black, and wearing beads around his arms, legs and neck. The season was made

the more unsatisfactory by the attempt to push into prominence J. B. Booth, and we now encounter for the first time an emotion of restlessness on the appearance of a possible rival, which was curiously characteristic of Macready. Macready's estimate of Booth at this time seems to be borne out by the facts, but in later years this disturbing apparition certainly became a great actor. Booth had drawn attention to himself in the provinces, and was engaged to play *Gloster* at Covent Garden Theatre February 12, 1817, but after a single performance he declined an offer of £8 a week and withdrew. Macready describes each of his appearances as a failure. He closely resembled Kean in appearance. The story runs that Kean, hearing of the pretensions of this possible rival, drove to his lodgings and persuaded him to take an engagement at Drury Lane to play *Iago* to his own *Othello*, with the result that the younger man was completely and disastrously obscured. Booth then returned to Covent Garden and attempted to resume his performances of "*Richard III.*," but a succession of riotous audiences defeated his hopes for advancement, although he was put forward in other characters. At any rate

Macready reports with some satisfaction the disappearance of this rival.

In a new play by Dimond, "The Conquest of Taranto" (April 15, 1817), Booth had the part of the hero, Macready that of the villain, which was so much to his distaste that he offered £40 for his release, but it was refused. The effect of the climax of the play fell out unexpectedly to his interest: "The agitation of the traitor, as with averted face he stood shuddering under the imprecation of his guilt, and the expression of his shame and remorse, so completely engrossed attention and excited the spectators" that the acting of the hero and the design of the author were lost. While Macready regarded his success in this ungrateful part as proof of the value of conscientious study of a part, and drew a certain encouragement from it, he began to grow despondent, and cast about in his thoughts for some other mode of life, his spirit rising and falling between hope and dejection. He was yet to profit by these malign characters.

During this season there was a reading of a play before the company by a young Irishman, whose first piece had been produced through the influence of Miss O'Neill, his fair country-

woman. This was Richard Lalor Sheil. "No one," writes Macready himself, "could look at Sheil and not be struck with his singular physiognomy. A quick sense of the humorous and a lively fancy gave constant animation to his features, which were remarkable for their flexibility. His chin projected rather sharply, and his mouth was much indrawn. The pallor of his sunken cheeks suggested a weakness of constitution, but lent additional lustre to his large, deep-set eyes, that shone out with expression from underneath his massive over-hanging brow. His conversation was most delightful, richly stored as his mind was with the literature of many tongues, and teeming with the original conceptions of a very fertile imagination." The play was "The Apostate." "The peculiarities of his appearance, regardless as he was of the niceties of dress, together with his harsh, shrill voice, caused several of his auditors at first to cast furtive glances from one to the other significant of no very high expectation; but his intense earnestness and impassioned delivery soon riveted attention, and all were presently absorbed in the progress of the scenes." The play was produced May 13.

The part of Pescara was assigned to Macready. In his rehearsals he put into practice the custom, of which note has already been taken, of giving full expression to his study of a part. This he found very difficult under the cold responses and composed looks of Miss O'Neill and the others, who reserved all their fire for the actual performance. Ludwig Tieck, recording his impressions of the performance, remarked that: "For the first time since his arrival in England he felt himself recalled to the best days of German acting. If the young man continues in this style he will go far." John Kemble now occupied the stage with his farewell performances, interrupting the career of Macready. The summer was spent in acting his London successes in his father's theatres in Newcastle, Berwick, Carlisle, Dumfries and Whitehaven. Macready's dissatisfaction at this time, with his measure of success, was so great that he was on the point of accepting the offer of his friend Jephson to supply him with the means to take his degree at Oxford and enter the church; but it so happened that his brother required a certain sum of money for his advancement in the army, and the proffered loan was converted

to his uses. Edward was thus enabled to start at once for India. Macready possessed a strong feeling for his clan. He frequently gave assistance to his father, who, for example, in the following year, having lost his Newcastle theatre, applied for the theatre at Bristol, but lacked the funds to carry out the contract, whereupon Macready engaged Terry for a series of performances, with the result that he supplied the required amount of money, and placed his father in a position of comfort that he was able to maintain to the end of his days.

An agreeable change from the melodramatic villains that had caused him so much discouragement was the character of Rob Roy, in the play of that name, dramatized by Pocock from Scott's novel. The production (March 12, 1818), was entirely successful. Miss Stephens and Sinclair, as Diana Vernon, and Francis Osbaldistone, were pleasing in their songs; Liston, as Baillie Jarvie, was exceedingly humorous; Tokely, as the Dougal Creature was a wonderful savage, and Blanchard was dryly comical as Mr. Owen. Barry Cornwall published a sonnet on the rising actor. There is also a curious story of Charles Lloyd, the author, who had been afflicted with a settled mel-

ancholy; emotion seemed to have died out in him, but on witnessing this performance the tears rushed to his eyes and he was restored to himself. It was at Lloyd's house that he met Lamb. Wordsworth became his friend. Talfourd drew closer to him; Sheil recognized his merit; Wallace extended counsel, and now was formed the nucleus of that cohort of friends which gave him peculiar strength and encouragement.

Amurath in Sheil's "Balamira," Glenalvon in "Douglas," Posthumus in "Cymbeline," and other parts added to the ground that was growing firmer under him. His country engagements became more profitable. In 1818, after the close of the season, Elliston offered him £100 for a week's performance at Birmingham. The very circumstances of his early career as the manager's son disassociated Macready from the ordinary actor, and this antagonism, which he retained to the last, came near bringing upon him a bit of marked discourtesy. He managed to escape this penalty of his pride, but he never adopted the familiar intimacies of the profession, and always treated life behind the scenes as a matter of serious business and not of social concern.

February 10, 1819, Macready found a part adapted to him in Sheil's "Evadne." He was the Ludovico to Miss O'Neill's Evadne, Kemble's Vicentio, and Young's Colonna. This play was at first an adaptation of Shirley's "Traitor," but Harris insisted that a writer who could do so well in certain of the added scenes could do better by making the play his own.

Toward the close of the season he played Cassius on the occasion of Young's benefit. The opening of the season of 1819 found Macready's opportunities enlarged, Young having retired. Charles Kemble imagined that he had the right of way, but in "Macbeth," the opening performance, he made a complete failure. Nor did Macready appear to advantage in Joseph Surface, his first character, having barely mastered the words. His achievements had not yet brought his face into a reprieve of dislike, for the *News* was frank enough to say: "His looks certainly would not have been dangerous to Sir Peter's peace." He regained lost ground as Rolla in "Pizarro," won a degree of success as Mordent in "The Steward, or Fashion and Feeling," and on October 4th was applauded as Henry V. Othello, Rob Roy,

Biron in Southern's "Fatal Marriage," Hotspur, and Clytus, in Lee's "Alexander the Great," followed, but the theatre was in distress, Harris was in despair. Ruin seemed inevitable. Harris remarked to Sheil that "he did not know in the morning when he rose whether he should not shoot himself before the night." Macready's suggestion that the salaries of the leading performers should be withheld for awhile was accepted.

Now came what Macready regarded as the turning point in his career. Harris insisted on putting him up as Richard III. The actor, ambitious as he was, shrank from the attempt, and it was only when he saw his name on the bills in the street that he felt compelled to go through the ordeal. He applied himself to a close study of all the history bearing on the character. The house was crowded. The fortune of the night was decided in the scene introduced by Cibber, where Tyrrel enters: "With all the eagerness of fevered impatience," Macready afterwards wrote, "I rushed to him, inquiring of him in short, broken sentences the children's fate; with rapid decision on the mode of disposing of them, hastily giving him his orders, and hurrying him away, ex-

claimed with triumphant exultation, 'Why then my loudest fears are hushed!'" The pit rose at this, and the excitement of applause continued to the end. The renewed attendance at the theatre enabled Harris to resume the payment of salaries, and the elder Harris, later on, came to town to thank the actor in person. In the meanwhile Elliston presented Kean in the same manner at Drury Lane, and the rivalry kept up the excitement. Compared with modern runs the nine nights of Richard III. do not seem very significant, but the direct comparison with Kean was greatly to Macready's advantage. The newspapers gave, by means of pictures and comment, great notoriety to the two productions, and made an event of the affair. A pamphlet of forty pages was devoted to the discussion of the relative merits of the two actors, summing up in favor of Macready. It really made Macready the head of the theatre, where his rank had not been defined.

Coriolanus was then selected as a character in which he could confirm his superior merit. He went about its study in his characteristic way. He got D'Egville to instruct him in the various attitudes from the antique, and practiced the more stately walk which was en-

forced by the peculiarity of their dress on the *gens togata*. There is a touch of the comical in the effort of this very serious man trying to master the patrician's outward bearing so as to accommodate violent passions to subdued expression. He had to meet the fame of John Kemble in the part, but he appeared with a certain success in the character November 29, 1819. Barry Cornwall was ready with another sonnet. The three performances, however, only indicate growth and not the achievement of his supremacy. Recognition came with such good work, for the manager at Brighton offered him £50 a night, and on these terms he was able to add to his income by three performances, traveling over night and returning to his regular duties. It may be observed that nightly performances were not required of leading actors in Macready's time, and the bills were not continuous. In this way a number of small parts fell to the actor during the season. One of importance was Jaques in "As You Like It." He refused the part of Lear, leaving it to Booth, who came for the special performance, he appearing in the small character of Edmund. Macready notes Booth's failure as proof of Booth's incapacity, but his

feeling toward this actor is not just. Kean also failed in *Lear* at Drury Lane. The arrangement of the piece was bad.

We have seen that Macready's real, impressive successes have been confined to "*Rob Roy*" and "*Richard III.*" He is now to get something entirely in the line of his future career. Macready was a master of stagecraft; his judgment of a play, for his own purposes, was unerring. His final success lay in large measure in his eager search for novelties, in his readiness to examine all manuscripts submitted to him, in his quick acceptance of available suggestions for a drama, and in the aid that he was able to extend to writers with the literary faculty. He seems himself to have found writing a laborious task, but he was exceedingly clear-sighted in matters of effect. He became known as a producer, and his reputation finally invited the first offer of everything of value. Mr. John Tait, of Glasgow, wrote to him about this time concerning a play that had been produced at that place with applause, describing the author as a young man of genius. Macready, during a recent visit to Glasgow, had read many plays, and found them all bad, and he expected nothing from the manuscript

that he took in hand. But the simplicity of "Virginius" fixed his attention, and he warmed to its scenes in the reading. He was so pleased that he at once wrote a warm letter to the author, Sheridan Knowles, but withheld it until he could show the play to Procter and consult with him. It impressed Procter. Knowles replied to the letter with expressions of the warmest gratitude. Harris accepted the piece at £400 for twenty nights. Nothing was allowed for the production by the management, and Macready superintended all the preparations. Egerton resented his activity on the ground of "the youngest man in the theatre taking on himself to order and direct his elders." Miss Foote was carefully coached by the enthusiast. May 17, 1820, was the day set for the production. Knowles had the pleasure of seeing the triumph of his play from a private box. The young Irishman thus began a career which gave him for a while a most exalted fame—a fame that was exaggerated into a companionship with Shakspeare, but which still retains a substantial texture.

Knowles had been a strolling player, and it is said that the theme of "Virginius" was suggested or encouraged by Edmund Kean,

with whom he had acted. He wrote the play in the odd moments of his occupation as a school teacher, and fragments of it on the slates of his scholars. He was a man of rough exterior, but of the utmost sensibility; a very child in worldly affairs, particularly in his disregard of money; his domestic relations were tender, his love for his children being a passion with him. A companionable man he was, and some years before this time had become known to a coterie of literary men in London. At a breakfast given by Knowles to Macready Hazlitt was present, and a characteristic happening was that Hazlitt, interrupted in his conversation, had occasion more than once to rebuke the child of nature for playing the fool. While "Richard III." had established Macready in consideration, and "Rob Roy" had gained him popularity, it was "Virginius" that placed him on an independent footing.

Macready now veered back to Shakspeare, and gave his performance of Macbeth with some success. He made no great impression as Iachimo or as Zanga. He accepted "Wallace," a play by Walker, and it was produced. He also tried one by Barry Cornwall, which, after it had undergone revision at the

hands of himself and Sheil, was performed under the title of "Mirandola" January 9, 1821. "Damon and Pythias," one of the new plays, written by Banim, revised by Sheil, seems to have come through Harris, but it was exactly in the line of Macready, and its comparatively indifferent reception was something of a disappointment to him. There was no money in it, as it ran only seven nights, from May 15, 1821. It subsequently became one of his favorite parts, and was very popular in the hands of Forrest in America. A re-arrangement of "Richard III." did not succeed. Prospero in the mutilated version of "The Tempest" served him little better. June 8, 1821, he essayed "Hamlet," a part that he afterward made a life study of. The approaching coronation of George IV., fifty-eight years having passed since a similar ceremony, led to the production of the second part of "Henry IV.," the ceremony at Westminster being copied in one of the scenes, Macready acting the King. This play was done in this way at both the theatres. The Covent Garden version was often repeated; Farren, as Shallow, Emery, as Silence, Blanchard, as Pistol, and Charles Kemble, as the Prince.

In the meanwhile Charles Kemble had acquired the interest of his brother in the theatre, and discord was not slow in springing up. Macready's engagement for five years was at an end, but he renewed his contract at £20 a week, with the verbal stipulation, that if any other performer was given more his salary was to be advanced to the same figure. Young again came into the company; while Macready shared the leading position with him, it is apparent that the conditions for his progress were not to his liking. He had less to do than seemed to be his right. Cassius to Young's Brutus was his principal performance, and that on one occasion only, during the season. Yet he had been able to accumulate some money, having had several profitable engagements in the provinces, notably at Dublin and Liverpool. He studied Italian, and spent the months of the summer in travel.

Upon his return he found that Elliston, of the Drury Lane Theatre, had secured the withdrawal of the leading people from Covent Garden. Young, Miss Stephens and Liston had joined a force comprising already Elliston, Dowton, Munden, Terry, Vestris and others. His work at Covent Garden now embraced Polignac in

Sheil's "Huguenot" (December 11, 1822), which failed, although pronounced one of his best dramas; Cardinal Wolsey; King John; and Julian in Miss Mitford's play of that name, dedicated to him, for the requirements of which substantial drama he found the company unequal. He also attempted Shylock at this time.

A question of his own making came up as to his salary on the terms of the verbal agreement made when he renewed his contract. An interchange of notes revealed Macready's hostility to Charles Kemble. He expressed for him bitter contempt as a man and as an artist; and it is easy to see that the management were quite willing to part with him. He wrote a pamphlet on the subject of his differences with the Covent Garden management, and took the matter more seriously than it is now to be regarded. One of his charges was that they had offered Miss Stephens £5 a week additional on the condition that she was not to say anything about it. Macready's lofty attitude in the business was illustrated by the exclamation he made when he was applied to to take a part in a benefit performance, Kemble, for some adequate reason, having declined to play: "So, sir, because

the corporal refuses to do his duty, you apply to the commander-in-chief !”

Accepting Elliston's offer of £20 a night for four nights in the week for the next season, he appeared at Drury Lane in “*Virginus*,” Monday, October 13, 1823. “*Hamlet*,” “*Macbeth*,” “*Rob Roy*” and “*Winter's Tale*” came in succession. “*The Cataract of the Ganges*,” with “*real water*” and horses, interrupted his more serious career; but in November he succeeded in having produced “*Caius Gracchus*,” written at his urging and under his suggestions by Sheridan Knowles. Its reception was moderate. The Duke in “*Measure for Measure*” and Cardinal Wolsey were his next important characters.

The season of 1823-4 saw him as *Macbeth*, *Leontes*, *Jaques*, *King John*, *Wolsey*, and *Romont* in “*The Fatal Dowry*.” He had got Sheil to revise the last-named play for its impure passages, and had hopes of its effectiveness, but the excitement of the public over the scandals of Kean and Miss Foote caused the management of the respective houses to put forward these characters of public interest, so that all chance of a run for the new play came to nothing.

In the meanwhile Macready had practically collaborated with Knowles in the preparation of "William Tell," and this piece, which served him long and well, was produced on June 2, 1825. Macready had employed much of his time at remunerative terms in the provinces, and now received an offer of £50 a night from Stephen Price, manager of the Park Theatre in New York, for a series of performances in America.

It will be remembered that in her advice to Macready, when, in his novitiate, he rehearsed with her, Mrs. Siddons charged him not to marry until he was thirty. By coincidence or design this counsel was followed. In 1815, at a rehearsal in Glasgow, he had had occasion, in his customary captious way, to reprimand a modest little girl who was to take the part of one of the children in Dimond's "Hunter of the Alps." On a provincial tour in 1820, at Montrose, this same girl, then just turning into womanhood, barely fifteen, played the Prince in "Richard III.," and Virginia in Knowles's drama. Macready was impressed with "the perfect symmetry of her sylph-like figure" and the amiability of her character. She remained in his mind, and when she afterwards applied to

him for advice, in the lack of employment, he had a place provided for her at his father's theatre at Bristol. No maidenly effort could have gone more directly to Macready's heart than this dependence upon him. She was his charge, and with that strong and characteristic love of his own, he began to think fondly of this gentle creature, Miss Catherine Atkins. She lost her father in the wreck of a vessel in the Irish Channel, and then it was that Macready determined to make good the words of Mrs. Siddons. He proceeded about his plans with curious deliberation. He had invited his sister Letitia to make her home with him. To this home he called Catherine, and he himself describes the meeting between the two who were nearest to him. Letitia possessed the perversity of her clan. She was disappointed in Catherine, and was frank in showing her opinion of the choice of her brother. For a considerable time she exchanged hardly a word with her. At last Letitia yielded to the proper emotion, and gave her love and consent without reserve. The marriage was not to take place without a course of training that would fit the selected bride for the worthy brother. Catherine continued the prosecution of her

studies "in the family of a respectable widow lady at Kensington, most highly recommended," until the close of the season at Drury Lane in 1824. The marriage took place June 24, 1824. The honeymoon did not interrupt the wife's studies, by way of dowry, for she continued to improve her acquaintance with "the best writers in French and Italian," and to make herself conversant with Milton, Bacon, Locke and other leading authors. Indeed, later on, when the husband was absent on his professional travels, we find him noting in his diary the sending to her of elaborate comments or essays to help her to an understanding of Burke on "The Sublime" !

CHAPTER III.

THE SECOND TEN YEARS.

MACREADY made three visits to America during his career, and it is altogether probable that he would have taken up his residence there, on his retirement, had not the unfortunate Astor Place riot occurred; consequently his important relations with America will fall to a special chapter. Macready was making a desperate struggle for independence; he had already reached the point where his income for each year rarely fell below \$12,000 or \$15,000. He had felt able to indulge himself with a trip to Italy before his marriage, and started a household of his own, with some accumulation of capital as a security for the future.

On his return from America Macready played an engagement at the Salle Favart, Paris, attracting enough attention to be travestied as Virginius by Odry at the Variétés, in leather breeches and top boots, otherwise as a

centurion. After filling an engagement at Drury Lane at £100 a week he again visited Paris, and after that time, except for a few brief engagements at Drury Lane he devoted himself to the provinces for two years, from 1828 to 1830.

The managers of this period were not congenial to Macready. He disliked Stephen Price as a vulgarian, and Price, a practical man, when he was the lessee of Drury Lane Theatre, thought so little of him as an attraction that he sacrificed sixteen nights of the contract at a loss of £20 a night. After his long absence in the provinces Macready returned under the management of Polhill, only to have his career interrupted by the long runs of spectacular pieces, in which horses and wild animals were accounted of more value to the management than his genius. In 1832-33 Bunn controlled both houses, and imposed such an amount of work on Macready that the actor offered him a premium for his release. In these various engagements he was seen in "Macbeth," "Virginius," "Coriolanus," the "Pledge," "Werner," "The Jealous Wife," "William Tell," "Hamlet," "Winter's Tale," and as Rolla, Rob Roy, Scroope, in the "Mer-

chant of London," Iago, Hotspur, Joseph Surface, Kately, Lord Hastings, Prospero, Lear (for the first time), Ford, in "The Merry Wives of Windsor," Posthumus, "Antony in "Antony and Cleopatra," Sardanapalus, and in other characters.

Macready concerned himself greatly over his income and the accumulation of sufficient property to provide for an early retirement and the comfort of his family in the event of his death. Sometimes he played for a certain sum, or he shared the receipts, and occasionally sold out his engagement. In this way he received £600 from Bunn for his engagement at Dublin and Cork. It proved unsuccessful; he remitted £100 of Bunn's indebtedness, and the further sum of £200 was really at the bottom of the subsequent troubles between him and that manager.

Macready had now accumulated about \$40,000, and had invested the greater part in a public house called the Granby Hotel, in the outskirts of London. He established his family in town soon after his marriage, then lived at Pinner Wood, and in 1830 leased a comfortable house at Elstree, about fifteen miles from the theatres.

During his engagement at Drury Lane he played his round of characters already acquired, and added several Shaksperian and other rôles to them. He made a genuine success in "Werner," which he arranged himself. For a few nights he played Iago to Kean's Othello. In 1832 he crossed over to Covent Garden for the single benefit performance for Young, taking the part of the Ghost in "Hamlet." Macready did little or nothing of his own procuring during this engagement, but the production of "Sardanapalus" seems to have been his suggestion, and, with some reluctance, he gave his help toward fitting it to the stage. He refused to renew his engagement with Bunn; but after long negotiation he returned from the provinces to Drury Lane under contract, under the same terms substantially, £30 a week, and a half-clear benefit.

In the meanwhile, still looking for plays, he received from Talfourd a printed copy of "Ion;" and undertook the revision, for his own use, of "The Maid's Tragedy," by Beaumont and Fletcher, calling in the assistance of Sheridan Knowles for the writing of certain additional scenes and acts. With these plays in hand he

returned to Drury Lane under the management of Bunn. He appeared in "Macbeth" September 30, 1835. He was again looked to by the authors, and arranged for the production of "The Provost of Bruges," by Lovell; Bulwer, whom he had met at a dinner-party in Dublin, and who there told him, upon Macready's inquiry, that he had written a play on the subject of Cromwell, came to him with "The Duchess of Lavallière." This play was also offered to Bunn, but Bulwer's terms were excessive. Lovell's play was put on at such liberal terms that Bunn asked to be relieved of a part of his contract. It is very clear that Bunn went very far to accommodate Macready in all these matters; perhaps he deferred to him to the degree that confirmed Macready's feeling of superiority. At any rate a point of open hostility between the men was reached.

Macready imagined that Bunn's every movement was directed to his humiliation. He thought he tried to interfere with the success of his benefits, when it is evident that he secured some of the very best attractions for him. Macready refused to play Othello at a time set by the manager, and expressed annoyance at every turn. There was exasper-

ation on both sides, necessarily so with a man as intractable as Macready. Macready referred to Bunn's attempts to dragoon him. He accused him of ruining the "Provost of Bruges" by too few rehearsals; but he was not prevented from making a success of the part of Bertulphe. A week's salary was withheld, and that led to much wrangling. Macready continued to take every opportunity of playing engagements in the provinces, and a question was raised as to his absenting himself. Finally Bunn proposed to put up a mixed bill, with three acts of "Richard III." as an afterpiece; "William Tell" was announced in the same way. Macready was on the point of refusing to accede to this arrangement, but at last acted as required. He imagined that Bunn was pursuing this course in order to get him to relinquish his engagement.

On the night of April 28, 1835, as Macready came from the stage smarting under what he esteemed his indignities, he passed by the manager's room, and overcome by the impulse he rushed in and gave Bunn a backhanded slap across the face. Bunn was sitting at his table "unprepared," with one leg "wrapped round the leg of his chair," as was his custom when

engaged in thought—an innocently comical account of the affair is Bunn's—and a struggle followed. They were separated. Bunn was confined to his room for some time. A jury awarded him £150 in damages. Macready was much mortified by his outburst, and, indeed, it is not profitable to make too much of the incident.

Osbaldiston, the manager of Covent Garden, had, some time before this affair, made an offer to Macready, and seemed unwilling to give £20 a night. On this turn of affairs the offer was renewed, and while the actor disclaimed a desire to trade on the notoriety of his fracas with Bunn, he stood out for £20, and got it. The engagement was from May 11 to June 11, and included a half share in a benefit. It was also stipulated that "Ion" was to be produced. Macready's name appeared in large red letters in the bills; the papers made much of the affair, and when he appeared in "Macbeth" his reception was enthusiastic. He made a speech, in which he referred to a treatment "from motives which he would not characterize, a series of studied and annoying and mortifying provocations, personal and professional," and apologized to the public. For some reason he

had the sympathy of that public, but he was happily enabled to establish a more substantial favorable sentiment by the early production of Talfourd's play. It was seen June 4th, and created a great impression; he enjoyed in consequence, to some extent, a social distinction that should have driven from his mind all morbidness. After the first performance he and his wife and Letitia were the special guests at a dinner party given by Talfourd, at which were present many very distinguished people. He sat between Wordsworth and Browning; Talfourd toasted him, and the occasion being moreover the birthday celebration of Talfourd, the animation of the festival night was shared in by a most brilliant concourse of friends. Macready, with wife and sister, went home in their carriage in the morning, the songs of the birds in their ears,—every incident of a reassuring nature.

His position had even been strengthened by the outburst of resentment at a series of outrages that he "had suffered under for six years." It even led to a reconciliation with Charles Kemble, who assured him that "if Bunn should call him out he should go, that every gentleman did so!" Talfourd's speech at the trial—at which no evidence was given for the defend-

ant—was a laudation that in some respects was ridiculous.

The impression created by "Ion" came at the right time. It occasioned festivities. There was an "Ion" supper at the Garrick Club. Talfourd talked of acting the part himself at some amateur performance. It is the best thing that the barrister ever accomplished, and he was infatuated with it. It is not clear how it was that the part so soon fell to Ellen Tree. She was the Clemanthe of the original performance, but she soon assumed the principal role, and Macready, under the date of August 8, 1836, records a visit to the Haymarket to see Ellen Tree in the part; he thought her performance very pretty and creditable for a woman, "but no more like a young man than a coat and waistcoat are," and that the play was very drowsy, very unreal.

Macready renewed his engagement with Osbaldiston, and produced, without success, Browning's "Strafford." Webster then secured him for some months in his usual characters.

In the succeeding engagement at the Haymarket Macready again acted "Ion," and produced Bulwer's "The Duchess of La Vallière."

He also brought out the "Bridal," which he had been acting in the provinces, and upon which he drew a royalty, the adaptation, with the assistance of Sheridan Knowles, being his own. It was during the summer of 1836 that Forrest made a visit to England. Macready entertained him at his house at Elstree, and met him at a dinner at the Garrick Club, incidents that will be considered in the chapter bearing specially on the relations of the two men.

Among the pieces he examined at this time for the possibilities of their use, were "Nina Sforza," by Troughton, and "Comus." Dickens, introduced by Forster, now entered into his circle of friends.

CHAPTER IV.

MANAGEMENT.

MACREADY was not a speculative man, and was averse to management—for which, from time to time offers were made to him—on the ground that it would disqualify him from the proper pursuit of his art. His arrangement for the control of Covent Garden was tentative, was for one year only, and he could have withdrawn from it, but he continued to meet his share of the losses with manliness and fortitude until the close of the season, and renewed his lease on somewhat better terms for a succeeding season.

It is not entirely clear what the contract was, but the aim was to secure from the receipts a rental for the proprietors of £7,000, and a fair payment for his own services; “out of a surplus of £1,800 to take £300, and any surplus that might be over that sum.” He gathered about him a most efficient company, paying good salaries (Vandenhoff £21 a week), sought

to withdraw Liston from his retirement, and offered Dowton £10 a night. He continued his acting at the Haymarket and in the provinces until late in August, and opened Covent Garden on September 30 with "Winter's Tale."

Apart from the customary afterpieces, and some minor original productions, the season ran along for some months, marked by the revival of Shaksperian plays, with the original text largely restored, acted by superb casts, arranged, mounted and illustrated with an artistic discretion and taste that got him full recognition as an actor and manager, but to receipts that threatened disaster. Thus, were produced "Hamlet," "Othello," Macready Iago—the council scene of the forty being accurate in historic detail, and very beautiful and realistic in effect—"Macbeth" and "Lear." Among his other characters were Lord Townly, in "The Provoked Husband," Werner, Melantius in "The Bridal," Luke, in "Riches," Lord Hastings, in "Jane Shore," etc. The occasional production of opera added largely to the great expense. "Amilie, or The Love Test," was one of the original productions in this line. The customary pantomime was costly, "Harlequin, or

Peeping Tom of Coventry." It was furnished out with a diorama painted by Stanfield, scenes on the continent, the most effective being a view of the Col du Bon Homme by moonlight. That Macready had engaged the interest of the best influences of the day was shown by Stanfield's refusal to take more than one-half of the £300 sent to him by the manager for his work.

On February 15 occurred the first performance of Bulwer's "Lady of Lyons," the title of the play having been suggested or selected by Macready, who had put aside the first one sent in by Bulwer—"The Adventurer." The author's name was not announced until a week had elapsed, and it was a question for awhile whether the play could maintain its place in the bill. Its success, however, continued to grow, and it proved to be one of the most substantial achievements in Macready's career, leading to intimacy and identity with Bulwer. The Queen's patronage followed; she visited the theatre on a number of occasions; "a very pretty little girl," as Macready describes her, who is gracious enough to bow to him repeatedly, when he is called into her presence, thanking him with, "I am very much obliged to

you." Bulwer emulated Stanfield in generous interest, although possibly without knowledge of his act, for he returned the whole of the £212 sent to him in the way of royalty by Macready.

The new manager secured the interest of the best elements of English society in various ways. He sent complimentary seats to those who were distinguished in science, literature and art; he was select and liberal in his courtesies to the press. John Forster appointed himself voluntary aid-de-camp, and as an advertising agent he proved the most skillful and powerful ever known. "Coriolanus" was the next great production, but, strange to say, its first night had a discouraging attendance, although its record for completeness of effect remains particularly memorable. "The Two Foscari," arranged by Macready himself, was produced April 7. For some of the scenic effects the counsel and help of Etty, the painter, were solicited. The success of the piece was gratifying. On the other hand, Talfourd's "Athenian Captive," the failure of which Macready was prepared for, was a dreary thing, Macready describing his own character, Thoas, as a bitter drug. In the revival of "Romeo

and Juliet" he subordinated himself to the part of the Friar. Among his new pieces of the season were Knowles's "Woman's Wit," and Kenney's "Love Extempore;" and among his characters, Kitely, Lord Hastings in "Jane Shore," and Lord Townly in "The Provoked Husband." The season was closed July 5.

At the close of the performance on the night of May 31, the company assembled and presented him with a salver; in his speech of acknowledgement the manager referred to his labors directed to the elevation of his "degraded art," and appeared a self-sacrificing friend, as in some measure he was, of the actor.

He had lost by management £2,500, counting "by what he might have made," and £1,800 "by the receipts of the previous year."

For five weeks, beginning in July, Macready acted at the Haymarket under an offer from Webster of £25 a night, four nights in the week.

Before the closing of Covent Garden, Macready made arrangements for the management again on modified and somewhat more favorable terms. The season opened September 30, 1838, with "Coriolanus." He promised in the announcement to "present the National drama,

whether as a branch of literature, or as a department of art, with every advantage," that the genuine text of Shakspeare should be adheered to, and that no expense should be spared in attaining the utmost fidelity of historic illustration; that new pieces should be brought out in quick succession, and that exaggerated and delusive announcements in the play-bills should not be permitted. These promises indicated reforms. After "Hamlet" and "Othello" came "Tempest," the most imposing revival of the season, October 13; Macready gave a great deal of time and attention to this production. Ariel, acted by Miss Horton, now for the first time, appeared as a spirit of the air. This was realized by a mechanical arrangement, as to the effectiveness of which the accounts differ, but it may be assumed that the proper and poetic conception was as pleasing as it was novel. Macready was the Prospero, a part that he had played years before in the mutilated version; Phelps, Antonio; Anderson, Ferdinand; Bennett, Caliban; Harley, Trinculo; Bartley, Stephano; Miss Helen Faucit, Miranda, etc. The "Tempest" produced the best financial results of the season, the average of its fifty-five nights being £230. Its last night was June 3;

but in the meanwhile the greatest triumph of Macready's career was to come to him.

"Richelieu" was produced March 7, 1839. This is the most effective theatric piece of the period. The "Duchess of La Val-lière" and "The Lady of Lyons" had been produced by Macready, and when he undertook management, the author, professing no desire to write for the stage, offered his services to Macready in the cause of "the degraded drama." There were many consultations on a proper subject. The first draft of the piece arrived November 12, and Macready sat up till half-past two reading the manuscript, which he found "excellent in parts, but deficient in the important point of continuity of interest. The character itself was also not consistent. He reads the play to his wife and Letitia, his sister, making short notes and suggesting alterations. On November 17, he calls on Bulwer, finds him combative on certain of his points, but finally brings the author to his way of thinking. As the plan of alterations was unfolded Bulwer grasped the purpose and grew enthusiastic, exclaiming, "What a fellow you are!" Macready was likewise pleased with himself, for he notes in his diary as to

Bulwer, "He is a wonderful man." In a few days Bulwer calls with two acts revised in the way suggested, and the other acts were determined on. Bulwer works with eager spirit, and the whole is soon ready. Macready is still not satisfied. He writes to Bulwer that he is solicitous for his reputation, and that while the play would be a great thing for any other author, he looks for some additional improvements. It is to be remarked that Macready was not easy in composition; Bulwer was not the man to yield his pen to another; so it is certain that he did all the writing required in the revision. Macready had a sure eye for effects, and worked steadily to bring the play up to the point of absolute success. He summoned Browning, Henry Smith, Serle, Fox, Blanchard and Lane to a reading of the play at his house at Elstree. They were provided with pencils and paper, and directed not to speak during the reading, but to take notes for suggestion. All were favorable. When read to the actors "Richelieu" was received with excitement. Macready read extensively to make sure of the truth of the characters, and few plays have had such close and careful study. Its success was

immediate. The Queen again gave her encouragement on several occasions. The cast was worthy of the event: Phelps was the Joseph; Elton, Louis XIII.; Warde, Baradas; Anderson, Mauprat; Miss Helen Faucit, Julie de Mortimer; Miss Charles, Marion De Lorme, etc.

"Henry V." was the last great revival of this management of Covent Garden. His reception in the part of the King was something tremendous; the stage was covered with the flowers and wreaths that were thrown on it; and when he went home in his carriage in the morning with his burden of tributes he should have carried to the ones awaiting him there a happy spirit; but nothing seemed to have potency over his morbid nature. Among the plays produced this season were "The Royal Oak," "William Tell," "Werner," "Harlequin, or the Fair Rosamond," for the Christmas pantomime (a failure), "Hamlet," "Othello," "Macbeth," etc.

This was the top notch of his career. The list alone of the dinners that he gave and attended is a formidable one. We see him at Lord Landsdowne's, Lady Blessington's, at Roger's, and intimate with Dickens, Browning, Bulwer,

Albany Fonblanque, Lord Normanby, Talfourd, Miss Martineau, after whom he had named one of his children, Darwin, Landseer, Macauley, Leigh Hunt, Lover, Carlyle, Tom Moore, and innumerable others. A dinner given to him at the Free Masons' Tavern was a splendid demonstration. The Duke of Sussex was in the chair. He should have surely been satisfied with his position if it was as he defined it in his own speech. He asserted that the drama had seemed to be stationary, traditional, governed by the name and authority of the leading actor who had gone before: "This is so, whether we recall the witches of 'Macbeth,' the Roman senate and people—the *Senatus populusque Romanus*"—[pedantry was of the very essence of Macready]—"The Venetian Councils, Banquo's Ghost, or the moving Wood of Birnam, which, if presented, should at least explain themselves." He denied that the decorations had been overloaded—in some cases they had been brought back to simplicity: "the 'Delicate Ariel' is now no longer in representation a thing of the earth, but either 'a wandering voice, or a visible spirit of air, flitting in his own element amid the strange and sweet noises of

the enchanted island." He also referred to his effective efforts to make the theatre a place for intellectual amusement, and not merely a demoralizing and licentious resort. He had caused a great deal of discussion by the measures he had taken to exclude the women of the town from the better parts of the theatre, having, in fact, finally directed that the money of these people should be refused at the box-office. There is no doubt that he effected a reform in this matter that was of importance at the time, and when he took charge of Drury Lane he completed the separation that he had begun.

From August 19, 1839, to January 15, 1840, Macready was at the Haymarket, then managed by Webster, a man who recognized the value of new plays, and who saw profit in Macready at £100 a week. Among the novelties of the season was Bulwer's "Sea Captain," coming, of course, through Macready, who acted the part of Norman. After the close of this engagement he acted Macbeth at Drury Lane and Ruthven in "Mary Stuart." An engagement at Bristol followed, and then a long term at the Haymarket, from March 16, 1840, to March 13, 1841. His

productivity here, with the co-operation of Webster, almost amounted to a continuation of his career of management. Among his new characters and plays were Herbert Macdonald in Talfourd's "Glencoe," Sir Osric Mortland, in "To Marry or not to Marry," Richard Cromwell in "Master Clarke," and on December 8, Evelyn in Bulwer's "Money," which ran to the end of the engagement. He took extraordinary pains with this piece, although he did not like his part. With an interruption of some provincial trips, he kept close to the Haymarket, filling in at this theatre the time from July 3 to December 7, constantly examining new plays, and in the meanwhile, as early as October 4, completing a lease of Drury Lane Theatre, which he opened December 27, 1841, with "The Merchant of Venice," playing Shylock.

In "The Two Gentlemen of Verona" he took the somewhat meagre part of Valentine, but he was giving very laborious attention to the details of his productions. Thus he arranged the whole business of the opera "Acis and Galatea," even coming into collision with some of the perversities of the ballet, but "mastering them," of course; he persuaded

Knox that he had a false idea as to the effect of a certain scene, etc. "Every One Has His Fault," by Mrs. Inchbald, was produced; Darley's "Plighted Troth," a failure, in which he played Grimwood and Douglas Jerrold's "Prisoner of War." He had entertained great hopes of Dr. Griffin's "Gisippus," but found it ineffective as an attraction. "There is some weakness in it which I have not yet exactly pointed out," is his reflection. This play afterwards had a certain popularity in other hands, but Macready was so sure of it that he paid for its use for five years £300 down. "Marino Faliero" was done on May 20, and the season closed three days later. Macready had also played Macbeth, Hamlet, Beverley, and other characters during the season, besides diversifying the bill with after-pieces and familiar dramas.

While active in the provinces he was busied in his preparations for his next season at Drury Lane, offering Telbin £250 for the scenic decoration of "King John," which had been determined on for one of the new things. The opening production was "As You Like It;" its success was one of his most notable achievements; the cast was wonderfully effective;

Macready as Jaques; Ryder the banished Duke; Anderson, Orlando; Phelps, Adam; Keeley, Touchstone; Mrs. Nisbett, Rosalind; Mrs. Sterling, Celia; Miss Fortescue, Phœbe, and Mrs. Keeley, Audrey. Macready thinks it worth recording that the Duke of Beaufort provided from his preserves the deer-skin required. "King John" was done October 24. December 10 Marston's "Patrician's Daughter," in which he played Mordaunt; February 11, 1843, Browning's "Blot On The 'Scutcheon," which was a failure; February 24 Macready acted Benedick in "Much Ado About Nothing," and in "Comus." The opera "Sappho" was another triumph in this department of the resources of this stage. "Fortunio," one of the best of Planché's exquisite extravaganzas, was produced. He played Col. Green in Sheridan Knowles's "Secretary;" Brutus; "King Henry IV.," Joseph Surface, Athelwold, in a play by W. Smith; Leontes, in "Winter's Tale;" Jaques, before the Queen, and closed the season June 14 with "Macbeth."

This was the close of his career as a manager, and the scene of farewell was one of mad acclaim. At Willis's rooms, the Duke of Cam-

bridge presiding, he was presented with a costly testimonial in silver. His speech on this occasion reviewed his work; he claimed to have done his utmost to elevate his "degraded art, to redeem the drama," all of which, told in a despairing, and, it might be said, a noble strain, sounds platitudinous, but of the quality of his achievements there cannot be the slightest doubt. He had not been able to unite profit with his endeavors, but, perhaps, if he had been more healthful in mind he might have continued his work of regeneration with continuous and permanent results. The influence of what he did abides.

His ethical and æsthetic principles were sound. The art of his day was not to be derided in itself, for he found at hand the instruments for the accomplishment of what he attempted. The elevating aid of music and painting that he sought to apply has been found practicable by his successor, Henry Irving, who has known how to labor in the right way without that morbid despondency that will not permit the prosecution of any art. Macready's jeremiads were not wholly well taken. The fact is that the two great theatres of the day were conducted on a plan that re-

quired an outlay precluding all profit. Among other mistakes of system, money-making plays were withdrawn and failures substituted in order to avoid long runs. Whatever were the reasons that made Macready's financial success impracticable, they existed in the conditions of the times. He did what he could, and if he had been a practical man he might have continued for years at the head of one of the greatest theatrical enterprises in the history of the stage. There were reforms of a business nature to be effected that seem never to have occurred to him, and which may have been beyond his power to remedy. There will be occasion elsewhere to speak of Macready's morbidness in its disqualifying effect on his work, but the most striking instance of his impractical nature is afforded in his own record of, at this time, in the fullness of his recognition, seeing at a public gathering "several persons that I knew, to whom I did not speak, as I did not know how far they might think themselves lowered in their own opinion by speaking to me."

Macready seems to have accumulated at this time about £10,000, and during all his career he had been ready to retire the moment that he

was able to do so. He had failed to make money in management; he had always relied on America either as a refuge, with limited means, or as the Eldorado to help him to the needed addition to his fortune. He now determined to bring his affairs to a final shape by a professional trip to America. His friends gave him a famous dinner at the Star and Garter before he left. Forster and Dickens were great hands at this sort of thing, and their speeches on this occasion were of that cheerful kind that belongs to a feast. Carlyle sends letters of introduction; his friends crowd about him with their well-wishing, and Macready starts on a journey to reap in America the reward that his increased fame should have brought him in London.

In November Macready was back in London. In December he played an engagement in Paris at the Salle Ventadour. He acted Hamlet before the King and his Court at the Tuilleries, and was presented with a jewelled poignard. He appeared for the benefit of the Fund for Distressed Authors, and received, in recognition, a handsome medal. His mannerisms did not escape the sense of humor of the French, and even on the occasion of the benefit perform-

ance, some one in the audience had the bad taste to imitate his voice. He received marked attention from distinguished literary men, dining with Sue, Dumas, and others. Management was again suggested, and a movement for the establishment of a great theatre went so far as to institute inquiry as to the value of ground in Leicester Square. But Macready was looking forward to the close of his career, and saw no hope of realizing a fortune by the pursuit of his profession in England. Another trip to America was to be his final resource. Yet his return to a London theatre was regarded with interest by the public, Delane, of the *Times*, telling him that he received many letters every day on the subject. He does act at Drury Lane and at The Princess's. While filling an engagement at Edinburgh he was hissed by Forrest. A good part of September, October and November was given to the Surrey Theatre. In the summer and the fall of 1846 he played at the Princess's again, producing a play that he had long had in mind, "Phillip van Artevelde," by Sir Henry Taylor. It failed, and he makes the reflection that the management of others differs from his own in that he always instructed the performers in

detail. He was at the Marleybone Theatre for awhile, and at the Princess's from February 21 to April 14, 1848, but provincial engagements occupied him largely. July 10, at the Haymarket, occurred a special farewell performance before he set out for America. He played Cardinal Wolsey in "Henry VIII.," and Mr. Oakley. Charlotte Cushman was the Catherine, and the Queen was present. He was now in great doubt as to his future—the close of his career. He relied on the result of his trip to America, and meditated much on his plans. He hoped for the appointment of reader of plays, and calculated his income from this source, with the addition of something from classes as a teacher. Perhaps he would remain in America, and be enabled there to add to his income, and to live at less cost. Dickens and others gave him a happy dinner before his departure for America; and the receipt of a large part of the £1,100 realized from his benefit was calculated to send him on his third journey with good auguries.

Macready's stage management had left an impression. Fox, famous as a Unitarian preacher in his day, in some account of his friend Macready, takes several pages to describe

what the poet player developed out of the simple stage direction : " Exeunt soldiers bearing the body of Caius Marcius."

Phelps, who was a great producer himself, said to John Coleman : " I tell ye, sir, as far as I am qualified to form an opinion, at no period before or since, not even in the palmy days of Garrick, or the Kembles, or Siddons, has the dramatic art been more poetically and intellectually expounded, or magnificently illustrated, than it was during the Macready régime. That Betterton, Booth, and Quin were great actors, that Garrick was a genius, that the Siddons was a woman of phenomenal gifts, that the Kembles, Young and Elliston were gentlemen and scholars first, and admirable actors after, that Cooke and Kean were lurid meteors, illumining the age and the stage, and that all these great people were surrounded by actors of most distinguished ability, is as true as that the stars are shining over our heads at this moment ; but I doubt whether at any time the works of our great masters have ever received in their entirety, such admirable rendition, and such perfect illustration in every detail, as they obtained during the matchless management of William Charles Macready ! "

" Macready as I knew him," by Lady Pol-

lock: "Macready loved to walk in the fields with his children about him gathering wild flowers. The bell of the leader of the sheep tinkled as it scrambled over the hedge. 'Listen to that sound; isn't it delicious? I introduced it in 'As You Like It.' Ah! that was my favorite production; it was a beautiful pastoral, and every minor part was well filled. I gave 'Le Beau' to Hudson. He came into my room, book in hand. 'You need not speak, Mr. Hudson,' I said, 'for I know what you are going to say; your part is insignificant.'"

"'Yes, sir, it is; indeed it is.'

"'Hush, sir! allow me to read it to you.'

"Before the reading was concluded Hudson was in convulsions of laughter, and delighted to take the character.

"'Excellent, sir! excellent!' he said. 'I had no idea of what it was.' " "I put a harlequin into the part of the wrestler, and he was actually frightened almost to the point of faintness at the sound of the applause he brought down. The only short-coming in the whole performance was the Rosalind of Mrs. Nisbett, a very charming actress in many characters, but not equal to that. She was not disagreeable, but she was inadequate." Coleman did not think so.

CHAPTER V.

CHARACTERISTICS AND ANECDOTES.

MACREADY'S morbidness unfitted him for the ordinary relations of life, and confined his agreeability to his family circle, when he was caged at home, and to a select group of distinguished people. It is related of him that his customary sternness vanished at the approach of an intimate, the smile of welcome instantly replacing the scowl of combativeness that was so strong in him. Picture him at rehearsal turning from his gruff encounter with his subordinates to exchange pleasant words with the blustering but faithful Forster—and you have the man. It was not admirable, and it was not dyspepsia. This morbidness was wholly unreasonable. He adopted the stage of his own volition, but he always, even in the fullness of his success, resented his career as an outrage perpetrated on him by his "sordid father." Perhaps the peculiar longing for what he called "respectability" is only possi-

ble in a class-governed country like England. It is not easy for an American to conceive this distress of soul, and this writer is frank enough to aver that it is utterly detestable. Macready never felt respectable; a slave to his own morbid fancies, he loathed himself, and despised with a bitter hatred the humbler members of his profession.

The successful man usually and naturally becomes saner with age; not so with Macready. Some public man dies, and the reflection in the diary of the actor in excellent health, who lived to be eighty, is, "When will my funeral come?" Again he does not believe that he will live long; a friend of his youth calls on him, and he is pleased to have his thoughts revert to his school-days "in this accursed world of treachery, hypocrisy, and cant." Forty years before he died, while at Birmingham, he thought of the "few occasions left him to visit" the place again. "My children are my life. My ruminations led me to see, in my mind's eye, my own body stretched out in its stiff and yellow coldness; my sunken rigid face, my clenched jaws, and the whole picture of shrouded death in my own person!" "What is life? a false

thing, or rather a thing of falsehoods." At Newcastle he moans: "I might have done anything, now made into a player," his "great abilities wasted;" his mother, if she had lived, might have prevented this result, he seems to think, and possibly pathology might trace back his brain-sickness to that early grief, for his state of mind, life-long, was a serious affliction, else he could not have held to the idea that had "been a mere trading property in the hands of a sordid possessor," seeing that he owed his success more to his father than to all other influences, including his own talent, combined.

Then follows this entry in the diary at Sheffield, where he sees "servants gathering flowers for the corpse of their master:" "My children's will be a long sorrow;" he knows what the sorrow of Catherine and Letitia will be, etc. "What a miserable race of beings are crawling over the face of the world!" He then turns to reflect on the possibilities of becoming sick, or if he should meet with reverses. He was miserable when he was not making money. The transit of Mercury reminds him of his own "miserable transit." He is unable to repress such reflections on

occasions when the mind of any other man would have been devoted to the matter in hand. Thus an author reads him a play, and Macready sits back looking at him "considering what is genius, what vice, what virtue." The night before he had indulged in a "long and serious meditation on the ends of my being." He had also sold his "old rick of hay" and "dined on sausage, brown bread and beer."

Fifty years before he died he was living at Elstree, and occasionally walked to town, fifteen miles distant, saving fare, besides profiting by the fresh air and exercise, and meditating on the ends of life on top of it all. At night he "gazes at a star, speculating on the purposes of our being when I should have been better at rest."

Here is one of the strangest passages: he sees a woman, in a brilliant and gay gathering, playing on the piano, and singing sweet songs: "It was strange that as I gazed on her, receiving and imparting pleasure, my imagination presented me her form in death—the hands actually pressing music from the instrument, stark and cold, and the lips rigid and pale that now poured forth such touching sounds." He sees the sun break forth from behind the clouds,

and it is a type of his "own chequered and darkened life." When Bulwer returned him £210, the amount of the royalties for "The Lady of Lyons," a triumph that should have made the actor exultant, he speaks of the letter as "a recompense for much ill-requited labor and unpitied suffering."

One of the oddest entries in the Diary is under the date of March 28, 1844, at New Orleans. He calls at the house of a friend, whose wife, after having bid farewell to her husband on the point of embarking for France, had lost heart for the journey, and had returned home. This is Macready's comment: "I think I should have scarcely welcomed back any woman who had cost me all the pain to part with her and then returned—so much good grief all thrown away!"

In Shylock, in order to work himself up to a proper pitch of excitement, Macready, it is said, used to spend some minutes behind the scenes lashing himself into an imaginative rage by cursing *sotto voce*, and shaking violently a ladder fixed against the wall.

Murdoch writes: "In addition to the thorough discipline to which his vocal effects were submitted, Mr. Macready's minutiae of

details in what is termed stage business were always premeditated and carefully and repeatedly practiced before they were trusted to a public trial. The rehearsal of his plays (where the companies were of the standard order) afforded to those who could appreciate their artistic excellence a study of the histrionic art unique and invaluable to the profession. One night, just before making his first entrance on the first scene of 'Richelieu,' the tragedian stopped and took hold of the protruding edge of a scene and began to practice his stage cough in a dry and husky way at first, and gradually increasing until it reached a suffocating kind of guttural spasm resembling somewhat a fit of whooping-cough in a child. Just as the climax of this cough was reached, a stage-carpenter, who never had been present at a rehearsal, thinking, as he said, that Mr. Macready was choking, unexpectedly exclaimed: 'Mr. Macready, sir! sir!' accompanying the words with two or three sharp cracks on the back. Macready was indignant, but he went on the stage with his cough with applause." Miss Ellen Tree objected to his vehemence in "Virginius:" "Miss Tree, I cannot abate what I consider a proper degree of fatherly

exultation at the safety of an endangered daughter, and therefore you must submit to my professional vehemence, which I cannot control."

His judgment ripened daily and his studies were constant. His early manner was to toss the skull of Yorick back to the grave-digger with repugnance; later he handled it with reverence. He built up his parts by little additions of his own. Some of these were inspirations of the moment, or at least executed on the stage without having been rehearsed. In the last act of "Werner," playing with Charles Kemble Mason as Gabor, he asks: "Are you a father?" directing Mason, in an aside, to say No, he exclaimed: "Then you cannot feel for misery like mine!" and the pit rose at him. "Oh, for an hour of youth!" was likewise introduced by him into the fourth act of "Richelieu."

Vandenhoff: "Mr. Macready was always nervous. The least casualty would throw him out. He said to me once: 'I don't know how it is with you, but on the days in which I act I can think of nothing else,' and it was so. On those days he allowed himself no pleasure, no distraction; nothing that could excite him or

divert him from the business of the night. The servile imitation of Macready was universal. The style was inflated and unnatural; he had a rolling walk, an extra syllabification of utterance, tones, slides and angularities, all members of the same family, and their relations unnatural. The two points that struck me most as characteristic of this leader of the English stage, were his intense devotion to the work of his profession as a business, and his equally intense egotism, which imperiously subjected, as far as he was able, everything and everybody, to the sole purpose of making himself the one mark for all eyes to look at, the one voice for all ears to listen to, the one name for all mouths to repeat and eulogize. Effect was his word."

Coleman, Murdoch and others who acted with Macready, represent his rehearsals as very serious affairs. His irascibility and exacerbation were notorious. "Beast!" was one of his expletives, and flattery would not always mollify him; "don't humbug me, sir!" being his reply to propitiatory phrases. He worried and bullied, but he often took the trouble to pour out the treasures of his mind in trying to get things right. Murdoch says that, latterly,

his voice had lost its ring and become at times harsh and repulsive, and that in addition he had a peculiarity of utterance. He relates this anecdote: "A poor utility actor had to announce the phenomenon of the moving grove in the last act of 'Macbeth.' In great perturbation he exclaimed: 'Within these three miles you may see it a-coming.'"

"'No, no, sir!' growled Mac. 'Err-err, 'a-coming' won't do. Try back!' The poor fellow did try back, but still he saw the grove 'a-coming.' 'Good God, no! Err-err no, no! This is blank verse, and a single misplaced err-syllable-err destroys the measure. When you say-err 'a-coming,' don't you perceive the a is an interpolated sound? Surely you know that err-coming begins with err-err a c, and therefore you should say:

"'Within these three miles you may see it err-err-coming. Don't you see, sir-err-don't you-err-see?'

"'No, sir, I don't,' replied the mortified messenger. 'I only see that I put *one* big A before 'coming,' while you have put a half dozen little ones!'"

Macready's technical knowledge was positively great, and his mastery imposed itself on

the best intelligence that he encountered, for he was capable in the exposition of his principles. He was able to foretell, with remarkable certainty, the effect of a play. "Nina Sforza," he says, "has merit, but it cannot succeed." He dines with Sir Henry Taylor, whose "Van Artevelde" he was for years infatuated with, and which he at last failed to bring into the powerful acting form that his heart was set on, and reasoned with him for hours on the principles of construction: "In my observations I was gratified to see that I imparted some truths he had not been aware of, with the knowledge of which he seemed very much pleased." He persuaded Knox that he had a false idea of the effect of a certain scene in his "St. Thomas's Eve." He cut and revised with a sure hand. Bulwer thanks him for omitting scenes in more than one of the plays produced for him. One of his customs was to read the manuscripts to his wife and Letitia—as to the death of Rizzio, "the effect was weary." Knowles was very much struck with his way of putting a piece on, drilling the actors, and teaching them the business. He was never misled by beauty of language, and always held to the effectiveness of the scene and the acting

that it required. If a play did not reach the point of excellence for success he dropped it. He read widely in search of plays, and was constantly suggesting to Knowles and others subjects for treatment. No literary force could turn him aside from stage effect. Thus he examined with great care Coleridge's translation of Schiller's "Wallenstein," and rejected it. He caused Bulwer to go over "Cromwell" from the beginning, for "patch work is never of any value." This power of clear apprehension in the matter of effect enabled him to apply to his own acting a severe critical judgment, and in order to accomplish what he had in mind he would practice for hours. In his art he was absolutely sincere. He did not expend voice and thought and spirits when he had work in hand. He felt good and bad acting in himself; he accepted criticism. He loved his art, and hated everything connected with the play-house, and particularly himself! In art he was a despotic ruler without the slightest touch of fraternal feeling.

His strength in the way of originality in his creation of entirely new parts was essentially the making of his fame. In Shakspeare alone this creative faculty would perhaps not have served

him. The time was really ripe for new forms. Macready was, in fact, the leader of a revolution. There was a surfeit of the plays of Shakspeare presented in imperfect text, and acted as they were in a traditional way. Macready's motto was that patience and work was genius, and assuming that he, in spite of his false views of the actual condition of his art, loved it in its higher aspects, his half-achieved mission entitles him to more than the honor of "the insect of an hour."

He was great in the exercise of his art. He had business in hand behind the scenes. In the provinces he used to occupy the whole day in rehearsals; and was so true to his art that he felt that management and acting were inconsistent. He was constantly thinking of new forms of expression, and was original and imaginative. The record of the "business" that he devised would show his greatness most clearly. Thus, he first introduced the killing of Desdemona behind the curtains of the bed, Othello then peering with his startled and remorseful face through the gathered opening, a performance that won the praise of the French critics. There was newness in his very first performance of Macbeth; as described by the

Morning Herald : " His air of bewildered agitation upon coming on the stage after the interview with the weird sisters, was a most judicious and effective innovation upon the style of his predecessors. In the banquet scene, too, he made an original and admirable effect. Instead of intimidating the ghost into a retreat, he fell back, sank into a chair, covered his face with his hands, then looked again, perceived the ghost had disappeared, and upon being relieved from the fearful vision, recovered the spring of his soul and body. The effect was powerful."

It seems that Macready had "armorial bearings" for his carriage, but he was democratic in principle, exclusive by habit. It was the strangest contradiction. Gifts in excess of the price of seats, on the occasions of his benefits, sent by the titled, were always returned. He was shocked when Macaulay told him that he was a Conservative; he resented Bunn's suggestion that he should play a certain part before the King, on the ground that the King cared nothing for art or the actor. We shall see that he had a sincere liking for America and its institutions.

Latin and Greek marked the gentleman of

Macready's time, and the actor prided himself in a great measure in his scholarship. In the morning he reads some of the Thirteenth Book of the Iliad; before and after dinner the pathetic death of Patroclus; and when he spent the night at Knebworth, with Bulwer, he finds the Greek testament in his room, and ponders over a chapter in the original; he makes such entries in his diary as this one on the anniversary of his marriage: "*Sponsalis dies meus. Beatum sit nomen Dei optimi, qui mihi, tantam felicitatem præbuit permisitque. Auctor virtutis, etc.*" "Read at breakfast the beautiful ode of Horace Ad Lollium," etc.

If Macready was a disciplinarian on the stage he was not less one in his family circle; a formidable playmate: "After dinner indulged in rioting and disciplining in sport with my children, for thus I make them companions to myself, and teach them to know me as a friend, while I can gently check any disposition to wrong which may appear in them." He sets his children copies, not liking the meaningless ones they had. The reading of family prayers was the rule in the house, and when in great perturbation of spirit he seems to have taken this function upon himself, but he sometimes

reaches home "as Letitia was reading prayers to the servants." Not satisfied with the prayer used by the young folks, he writes them one, wishing them to understand what they are asking for, and from whom; indeed, so careful was he of their education, he prepared an expurgated edition of Pope, which was published. He constantly refers to them as the "blessed children;" hears them their lessons, and reproaches himself for getting out of patience with them; sets them their sums; rejoices in their little sayings, as when he tells Nina of his meeting the Queen, and her asking "if he told the Queen to be good to the poor;" he gives them their dinners; he pays deference to the opinions of his home counsel to whom he reads new plays; Letitia, indeed, having helped in the task of improving his wife. His domestic arrangements in a compliant household were adapted to his love of domination.

Macready always lived with great comfort, and at times in style; his expenses while he was keeping his town house running to £200 a month. He was generous to those near to him, giving real assistance to his father, and relinquishing his design of quitting the profession

for the church, in order to provide his brother with the means to establish a career, and for this particular act he never expresses the slightest regret; he helped others in emergencies, furnishing Calcraft the money for the burial expenses of a kinsman. At Christmas time it was his custom to give something to the curate for the poor, £20 on several occasions, generally to be spent in coal,—or as the English have it, coals—coupling the gift once with the comment, “I do not see how, with the sentiment I entertain of this, as a religious and moral duty, I should mix myself with persons who have nothing else in common with me. My order is an extensive one—that of humanity.” John Coleman gives an account of his extending aid to an actor in debt, of which something similar appears in the Diary, lending £40, to be repaid in weekly payments. Coleman’s account puts the sum at a much larger figure than anything in the Diary will bear out. But that Macready was capable of true and noble generosity to those very near to him we have seen.

The greatest injury that could have been done to Macready was the publication of his Diary. No biographer can idealize him with it confronting him. To attempt to do so would

be to insult public intelligence and to be false to truth. The lesson of a man's life must stand on the record. A diary, when baited with sanctimony, is the most miserable trap that a man can provide for himself. It gives back a broken light. Sympathies that may be real, and emotions that may be true, appear false; and the really false holds sway. Thus, Macready weeps in his diary over an account of a shipwreck; his eyes "drop tears as fast as the Arabian tree its medicinal gum" over a hump-backed beggar; he opens a newspaper sent to him from America, and is stricken down by the intelligence of the death of Judge Story. "That dear and revered and inestimable friend is taken away from us—that great and good man." The description of the eminent jurist is appropriate, but this emotion, as the result of meeting a man at a dinner party, is merely an example of diary-writing, when one is remote from home, after undergoing the torture of playing with some Dentatus who had a surplice thrown over his street clothes and wore sheep's fleece for a beard in essaying the character. Nor is it an entirely healthy and delicate mind that adds vigor to a performance of "Virginus" in thinking of his dead children.

Macready entertained the best people of the land at his table. The following is an imperfect list of those that he met on terms of intimacy at home and abroad :

Alison.	Lever.
Joanna Baillie.	Lover.
Bancroft.	Macaulay.
Bryant.	Maclise.
Bulwer.	Marryatt.
Browning.	Martineau.
Cattermole.	Moore.
Campbell.	Lady Morgan.
Charles Carroll.	Lady Norton.
Chantrey.	Oxenford.
Clay.	Planché.
Webster.	Pollock.
Justice Coleridge.	Ristori.
Barry Cornwall.	Rogers.
Delane.	George Sand.
Dickens.	Stanfield.
Count D'Orsay.	Sue.
Dumas.	Talfourd.
Eastlake.	Talma.
Emerson.	Sir Henry Taylor.
Etty.	Tom Taylor.
Curtis.	Tennyson.
Faed.	The Twisses.
Faraday.	Ruskin.
Forster.	Wordsworth.
Carlyle.	Reynolds.
W. J. Fox.	Kenney.

Frith.	Thackeray.
Mrs. Gore.	Wallace.
Holmes.	Mill.
Leigh Hunt.	Lady Blessington.
Jerrold.	Jerdan.
Kinglake.	Chorley.
Knowles.	Crabb Robinson.
Lamb.	Fonblanque.
Landor.	The Archbishop of
Landseer.	Canterbury.
Lord Landsdowne.	Arch-Deacon Robin-
	son.

And scores of others.

Macready was at once studious and imaginative. No actor ever exercised his art with a sounder conception of its requirements. He was an honest critic of his own performances, and received criticism with thoughtful apprehension. He was a true artist, one of the truest that ever lived. His sincerity of effort is, indeed, sometimes comical. It is to be inferred, if indeed it was not a fact, than when studying the part of Coriolanus and sitting and walking about the house in the Roman armor and casque he might have been seen at the breakfast table in this formidable equipment. We get a glimpse of him under circumstances almost as extraordinary. "Put leeches on my throat,

and whilst they were adhering read the romantic play translated by Mrs. Sloman, which promises very well." He stalks about for hours in order to get that stately tread that he conceives that a Roman should have. He practices by the hour with the bow of Tell. He learns in all its details the game of piquet for the short scene in "Money." He was thorough.

Macready, despising the exercise of his profession, was wholly an actor: At Liverpool he notes that Hammond, formerly a good actor, spoiled himself by managing, "Let me remember it." At Louth he plays to a handful of people, but "struck upon the exact feeling in the passage which I have often thought over;" "As Macbeth was grand in my death, I felt it, my soul would have lived on from very force of will;" "acted Gambia in the 'Slave' really well, earnestly and really." As to "Othello:" "how little of the art do they know who think it is easy." His parts absorb his contemplation the whole day; he comments on his own acting in "Macbeth:" "lost effect in the storm scene." "Patience is genius," he says. He re-studies Hamlet's soliloquy; thinks of an improvement in conclusion of the address to the

senate, and in cashiering Cassio, "the great error of my performance of Othello was in the heavy, stately tone in which I pitched the part, instead of the free, bold, cheerful, chivalrous bearing of the warrior, the happy lover and the high-born man;" accepts a criticism that his Othello should be more tender; listens with pleasure to Bulwer when he tells him that his Lear is a gigantic performance; writes objecting to a newspaper paragraph; asks Talfourd to get Wilson to have an article in *Blackwood's*; strikes the *Weekly Dispatch* from the free list, and writes to the editor. So watchful is he of comment, accepting and rejecting advice. He explains from history to Elton the character of Louis XIII. "I have improved Macbeth; the general tone of the character was lofty, manly, or indeed as it should be, heroic, that of one living to command. The whole view of the character was constantly in sight, the grief, the care, the doubt, was not that of a weak person, but of a strong mind, of a strong man. The manner of executing command to the witches, and the effect upon myself of their vanishing was justly hit off. I marked the cause. The energy was more slackened—the great secret." "A novel effect I thought good,

of restlessness, and an uneasy effort to appear unembarrassed before Banquo, previous to the murder. * * * The banquet was improved in the forced familiarity of its tone; the scene with the physician very much so. It was one of the most successful performances of Macbeth I ever gave." He regretted that he could not revive the feeling in his Macbeth that he experienced, as just described, at Plymouth. "Without study I can do nothing. I am worse than a common nightly drudge." He looks over "Hamlet," "saw great scope for improvement." It is in this record of sincere and unremitting labor that Macready's Diary has its greatest value.

Discontent, morbidness, and temper were his besetting faults. He could not fully enjoy his travels in Italy because of his sad reflections that he should never see these scenes again,—a grief that he might have spared himself in view of a later trip. The satisfaction that he derives from Horace is of this kind: "Before I rose read odes in Horace. That beautiful one to Mæcenas on the happiness of *competency* found ready assent, and infused much delight in my mind" Little things annoy him; his performance of Hamlet was affected by seeing his

prompt-book in dirty hands. He is tortured by "the slow and unprofitable advance of my reputation; the danger it runs from the appearance of every new aspirant, and the reluctant admissions that are made to it." He imagines always that he is engaged in a horrible struggle "to maintain a doubtful position." After the affair with Bunn, he sees Malibran pass in her carriage, radiant, and reflects that he has only his wife and children to live for. Miss Phillips tells him that she was never so happy as when on the stage, and he bitterly regrets that he has not her means to be "free from it." A cab driver overcharges him, he thinks, and he hales him to a police court only to find that he is mistaken; a young *Oliver Twist* steals his handkerchief, and he deems it his duty to see him punished. He was stern and just. He laments that he was not born a French player. This sternness as to the world without his circle of home and friends was peculiar to him; beyond these limits he was formidable, even in his hour of triumph as when seated at a great dinner given in his honor he looked, as Bulwer said: "Like a baffled tyrant."

He curses the hour that acting was suggested to him, "could eat a crust rather than pursue

his calling." He writes, "Lay very late * * * uneasy, unhappy, my days flow by, and are bearing me to my grave the same worthless, sinful, wretched being that I have ever been—perhaps even worse than I have ever been;" "It is an unhappy life;" "if I had sufficient property to leave each of my children a moderate allowance on their start in life, and to give them an education, I would certainly never act again, nor ever concern myself about a theatre; certainly, I think, never enter one—at least for myself." This utterance was associated with the report of the success of Phelps in his own theatre; it depressed his spirits, "though perhaps it should not do so. If he is greatly successful I shall reap the profits; if moderately so he will strengthen my company. But an actor's fame and his dependent income is so precarious that we start at every shadow of an actor." Such were the forms of jealousy, moroseness, and melancholy that arose over the diversion of his life from the paths of "respectability."

Macready's dislike of the common actor no doubt came from his early association with the strolling players of his father's circuit. He began as a boy in the exalted position of manager

in the place of his father, who was in jail. Thus he never knew anything of that equality that in a large measure distinguishes the profession. His aims were high ; he had a chance, and he meant to win his way by spurning delights and living laborious days. The subordinate people of the stage of that day were too poorly paid to permit them to pursue their art. from the point of view of a manager's son. Many of them united some other business with life on the boards. How could a butcher by trade, an actor by aspiration, delve as deep into the meaning of Shakspeare as Macready ? How could the apprentice boy tell, as the messenger, of the coming of the wood of Birnam, in a way to suit the digestion of the great actor ? But the glimpses that Macready's complaints give of the palmy days of the stage are at once comical and sad. Macready concerned himself sufficiently at Cambridge, to enquire as to the occupations of the actors of the company. One was a solicitor, one an innkeeper, one an apothecary, another a stage coachman, etc. Macduff seems to have tortured him more and oftener than any other of Shakspeare's characters, and to have got drunk, on the provincial boards, with more persistency.

It can hardly be said that Macready's distress was not warranted on occasion. When a noble Roman senator appears with a patch of sheep's fleece on his face for a beard it is enough to disturb the serenity of any star. Again Appius was drunk and tumbled from his curule chair in the forum: "This is the profession which the vulgar envy, and the proud seem justified in despising! I come from each night's performance wearied and incapacitated in body, and sunk and languid in mind, compelled to be a party to the blunders, the ignorance, and wanton buffoonery, which, as to-night, degrade the poor art I am laboring in, and from which I draw an income that scarcely promises me, with a moderate scale of expenditure, a comfortable provision for my old age and a bequest to my children." In "Macbeth" one of the murderers was dressed in an old tattered cloak, and Macready felt so ashamed of the professional relationship that he could hardly face the audience, and could not play his part effectively. At Shrewsbury he had an experience that elicited this remark in his diary! "How much I wish that all tyrants were like the Gesler of this evening, and then mankind would rise *en masse* and smother them. I never saw his fellow,—

Termagant and Herod were fools and innocents to him—and he enjoyed it. I envied him the relish he had for his own grimacings and intonations. Happy being!”

Macready's impatience at bad acting does not explain his execrable temper and his treatment of subordinate actors. There was no excuse for his brutality. It would be false biography to deny that his general conduct towards his inferiors was simply brutal. His views of life were false, and this was a mere incident of an unhealthy state of mind. It was not a matter of indigestion. He admits again and again his failing, and repeatedly characterizes his own conduct as vile. He prays over it, moralizes over it, and the very next day is as insulting, overbearing, and unreasonable as before. “Rehearsed with civility,” he writes. In confessing his sins to himself, he seemed to feel a kind of absolution: “Yesterday I omitted to rebuke myself for the petulance with which I rated the man who carries my clothes; one has no right to show anger to any man;” “vanity and a deceased imagination, the evil result of a neglected youth, are the sources of my errors and my follies. I was morose and ill-tempered. Fie! fie! shall I never outlive my folly and

vice?" He again refers to "the offenses that have stained the past." "I only quarrel with my imperfect education and the painful consequences of a faulty example."

Macready also as freely admits his envy. It is just to say that this passion had a reasonable basis—from the point of view of a man anxious to escape from the profession, anxious for his own uninterrupted success, for the achievement of his independence. It was a practical kind of jealousy. He had that keen sense of battling for the happiness of himself and his own that perverts many natures, that too often restricts the sentiments to the family. It is not uncommon. He undoubtedly detested every actor that came in his way. He hated Kemble, Kean, and Forrest with all the energy of a passionate man. To correct himself he reads Bacon "On Envy": "It is as unjust to my condition in life as it is mean and debasing in itself." Of course it cannot be said that Macready hated his art. He was only distressed at its "degraded state." It is true that some of his expressions are very strong. His children act "Comus" at home, and he fears that they may take a liking for the stage, "but fortunately I can save them from this worst exercise of a man's intellect."

When he speaks of "this wretched art upon which I have been wasting my life," he means that he might have been more "respectable" as a curate; perhaps, like his Joseph in "Richelieu," he regretted a possible Bishopric. He was sincerely morbid in all this, for when he abandoned the stage, he lived a gentle and retired life, charitable and religious.

"The miseries, the humiliations, the heart-sickening disgusts" which he "endured in his profession" were all of his own creation. All his imaginings about the insecurity of his position, professional and social, were self-inflicted tortures. It was only in the closing performances of his career that he would permit his children to witness him in character. He felt that he was an "insect of the hour." He resented his "degraded position" as being "proscribed from the privileges common to my many associates, viz., that of going to court—a matter worthless in itself, but made a brand and an insult by being denied to me, as one of a class." He felt as if he made no headway toward "respectability" even with public acclaim ringing in his ears. "I have been left behind in the world's march. It is not vanity that makes me case myself in pride, but a conscious-

ness of not having won a secure title to distinction, and the nervous and unquiet apprehension of its being questioned." He moves an honored guest among people of rank, and fears that he will be snubbed if he dares to address them.

No actor, English or foreign, was ever distinguished enough or agreeable enough to gain the intimacy or even the friendship of Macready. His open animosity included the two Kears. He writes: "Why did I feel excited and stung into a kind of nervous alacrity by Kean's inability to act?" When he played Iago to Kean's Othello he was annoyed at the persistence of the elder actor who took advantage of the stage positions; rushing into the room of Bunn, Polhill's stage-manager at the time, he demanded: "And pray what is the—next p-lay you ex-pect me to appear in—with that low—man?" Bunn sought out Kean in his dressing room for the required information, and the fierce answer that he got was: "How the blank should I know what the blank plays in?" When Macready played Brutus at Windsor Castle, one year before his retirement, Charles Kean being the Antony, Kean sent some polite message to Macready,

who replied that "if Mr. Kean has anything to say to me, let him say it through his solicitor." The well-known anecdote is connected with this performance that, when Kean lost the ring that was presented to him by royal command, it was commonly said that "it would be found sticking in Macready's gizzard." Knowles might well have claimed social consideration and friendship from Macready, but there was a rupture between them that lasted for a long time. "What little beings does selfishness make of us," he remarks in recording his impatience at the applause won by Cooper. Mr. Gabriel Harrison, in his "Edwin Forrest," describes his impatience at Dyotts's success as Macduff when playing with him at the Porte Martin. He justifies himself for sending out free tickets in the reflection that "otherwise I should leave nnbroken ground to an adventurer who might work it to my disadvantage."

CHAPTER VI.

VISITS TO AMERICA; THE COMPLICATION WITH FORREST, AND THE ASTOR PLACE RIOT.

MACREADY'S first visit to America was under contract with Stephen Price, manager of the Park theatre in New York, at £50 a night, and occupied about three months, including New York, Boston and Baltimore. The theatres and audiences of these three cities were adapted to the reception of the finished actor, and the impression of society obtained by him gave him that desire for life in America that he did not abandon until after the riot on his third visit in 1849. He was accompanied by his wife and Letitia. At Carrollton he made a visit to Charles Carroll, and of this old man, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, he records: "I bade a reluctant adieu to one of the noblest samples of manhood I had ever seen, and am ever likely to look upon." When we consider that Macready was

thus in touch with one of the founders of the republic, that New York was not yet the chief city of the Union, that wisdom, in the shape of Andrew Jackson, still smoked cob pipes; that Washington city was hardly more than a hamlet in the deep woods, without any external splendor, that men, in their homes were content with the rude and substantial things, we may estimate the sincerity of this Englishman's republicanism; he saw further than the Dickens, the Marryats and the Trollopes.

Macready frequently made note in his diary of the recurrence of the date of the Declaration of Independence. He constantly reverted to America as his future home. Practical reasons entered into this planning. "There is no resource for me but America," is his constant thought. He reads the message of the President, and remarks, "The lesson of self government from our wiser and happier brothers of the west." July 4, 1836, while in the English provinces, he notes the day, "As one of the great body of mankind that have profited by that event, thank God for it. How much has the great cause of liberty and improvement been advanced by it!" In 1837 again: "An anniversary in which my heart rejoices as sym-

pathizing with the adjutors of the rights of man wherever they are to be found." Thus, in theory he was a very good American, in practice a very poor one. He too much despised those below him, and too much hated those above him!

In 1843, after his return from his second trip, he wrote, "It is quite clear that I am never to look to the chance of great success. I must be content to realize the prospect that my doubtful hope presents, of being ready to retire with comfort to America, for I cannot, that is very plain, expect to live—if I live—in England." In 1847 he again thinks upon his "fate and his condition," and sees his way clear to going to live in America, "which if we do not like, we should be able to leave." In 1848 he was still undecided, but one plan was to live in America, "with power to add to his income," perhaps by teaching in Boston. It is almost certain that he would have carried out this plan had it not been for the events of the following year.

The journey of 1843 carried Macready further afield. It included the Eastern cities, Charleston, Savannah, Mobile, New Orleans, thence up the noble Mississippi to St. Louis, then by the palatial boats of those waters back

to the Ohio, up that beautiful stream to Louisville and Cincinnati, and across the Alleghanies to the seaboard. He saw something of the harshness of slavery, a sale of slaves on the block, but wisely foresaw that the country would work out its purification of the evil. He suffered some of the discomforts of travel in that day, primitive as to railways, and fancied that civilization had hardly reached some of the forlorn spots that he encountered. As to the South his error was natural, for its refinement and strength were apart from his track,—on lordly estates; and in the towns he might have found to his heart's content a reluctance to open the doors of society to the actor. That he underestimated the capacity of these people to appreciate his work is very probable. In St. Louis, for example, he thought his acting was too good for his audiences. This was utter nonsense. There has not been a moment since the foundation of this republic that any town capable of an audience sufficient to provide a hearing for an artist of such eminence has not owned a thoroughly intelligent citizenship. Breadth of sympathies and wide reading have been the natural attributes of the enfranchised mind. In fact—and it is no mere venture to

say it—the newer the community, taken at the time when its elements of culture have been provided, and that is almost instant in this land—the stronger are Shakspeare and the classic literature of England, the mother land. This should be pleasing intelligence, if it comes as an unexpected statement, to the Briton who has faith in the beneficence and supremacy of the English-speaking race. It is true—the old centres are pushing forward to new things, the new places are holding to the approved old things. More than that—there has always been a strain of gentility inherited from the best and purest days of England itself, and the finest gentleman that Macready ever met, Charles Carroll, of Carrollton, did not stand alone in this true land. Macready saw and knew these things in some measure, else this writer would halt here and now to express the scorn that is felt for the fool that imagines that all gentility is confined to his little island—for that belief implies that others are lacking in all the virtues, honesty, decency, even intelligence! God bless the memory of those, the good, the brave and cultured that lived in the early days of our development, and helped this wilderness to expand into the home of a race, worthy of the tongue

of Shakspeare. Uncouth, Macready? The Mirandas of our forests you saw not; the Prosperos were hidden from you. Those remote spots where a library was "dukedom enough," you came not near.

Very well! but he was jostled over a primitive railway, and he saw how willingly the Judge and the "distinguished citizen" got out by the road-side and helped to "wood up" for the fireman! Those days are past. But Macready saw some of the glories of the early travel on the Mississippi, which were even more impressive then than now. The steamboats of that day were palaces, the life and the views of a voyage were as picturesque as may be conceived.

Macready opened at the Park to extraordinary receipts. October 3, Forrest gave him a dinner: "Met a very large party, too large for comfort, but it was most kindly intended. Bryant, with whom I talked very little, Halleck, and Inman the artist, were of the party. Our day was very cheerful; I like all I see of Forrest very much. He appears a clear-headed, honest, kind man; what can be better?" Longfellow and Willis were among the men who gave him welcome. Charlotte

Cushman was now called to his support, and he was much impressed with her power. The entry in his diary of October 23 is very characteristic: "Acted Macbeth equal, if not superior to, as a whole, any performance I have ever given of the character. I should say it was a noble piece of art." He was interested in Miss Cushman: "She has her art to learn, but she showed mind and sympathy with me—a novelty so refreshing to me on the stage." In Boston he was made the object of unusual attention by Webster, Bancroft and wife, ("one of the sweetest and prettiest women I ever met,") the Longfellows, Prescott, Jared Sparks, Charles Sumner, Justice Story, the Curtises, the Ticknors, and many others. An American dinner in New York he made note of: Oysters, canvas back duck, terrapin, bass, bear, wild turkey, etc.

Macready's reception in 1848 in Boston, his point of landing, was not less auspicious. Indeed the only difference is in the addition of a long list of names to do him honor—the Everetts, the Winthrops, the Ticknors, the Nortons, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Judge Kent, and others. He is moved to remark: "In what does the society I met to-night differ

from good English society, or what more is needed in society?" In 1843 he had looked in vain for "the eaters with knives," as ~~they~~ had been described in the books of Dickens and others. Some excitement in regard to these publications existed in America as early as 1843, but the immediate cause of the troubles that were to overwhelm Macready sprang from his relations with Edwin Forrest and an incident that had occurred in Edinburgh in 1845. Forrest, smarting under real and fancied wrongs, hissed Macready.

John Coleman was present on this occasion. He says of Macready in the part of Hamlet: "He wore a dress, the waist of which nearly reached his arms; a hat with a sable plume big enough to cover a hearse; a pair of black silk gloves much too large for him; a ballet shirt of straw colored satin, which looked simply dirty; and what with his gaunt, awkward, angular figure, his grizzled hair, his dark beard close shaven to his square jaws, yet unsoftened by a trace of pigment, his irregular features, his queer, extraordinary nose—unlike anything else in the shape of a nose I have ever seen—and his long, skinny neck, he appeared positively hideous. But after all,

'mind is the brightness of the body,' and O ye gods! when he spoke how he brightened, illumined, irradiated the atmosphere; his *gaucherie*, his ugliness disappeared, and he became transformed into the very *beau-ideal* of the most poetic, subtle, intellectual, dramatic, and truly human Prince of Denmark I have ever seen. But although he lifted you to heaven one moment, he brought you to earth the next by some weird eccentricity. For example, in the play scene, he strutted from side to side, waving his handkerchief above his head in the most extravagant manner. As he uttered the words, 'Of the chamelion's dish I eat, the air, promise-crammed, you cannot feed capons so!' a mighty hiss arose in front—a hiss like that of a steam-engine. At the sound he trembled and turned pale; then he became livid and convulsed with passion, absolutely hysterical with rage. Turning to the quarter whence the sibilation proceeded, he bowed derisively, then staggered back and sank into a chair. Looking to the upper boxes, on the right, I saw the American tragedian. A conspicuous figure at all times, Forrest was now more conspicuous than ever. At this moment, from the students' gallery (which was separated

from the upper boxes only by some interfoliated iron-work), a cry arose of 'Turn him out!' I can see him now. The square brow, the noble, majestic head, the dark eyes flashing fire, the pallor of the white face enhanced by his blue-black beard, which contrasted strangely with his turned-down white collar (an unusual mode of wearing the collar at that time), his jaw set like a bull-dog's, his arms folded on his broad chest. As he rose and faced his would-be assailants, he looked exactly as he used to look in 'The Gladiator,' when he said, 'Let them come; we are prepared!' The people on the other side of the screen absolutely recoiled, as if they expected some king of the forest to leap from his iron den amongst them; and then they concluded to let the American alone. On the stage the actors were at a stand-still; in the audience the multitude were awed into silence. Forrest shortly afterward retired. Macready then played like a man possessed and took the house by storm."

Forrest promptly avowed the act by writing a letter to the *Times*. In this relation it is well to note that Forrest was not held in disesteem by such honest, manly and competent observers as John Coleman, the actor and manager, whose

entertaining book of reminiscences has been quoted from. Coleman saw in Forrest an actor who was not a tuft hunter, who, unlike Macready, disregarded the attentions of the select few of the world. Forrest endeared himself to his associates by his manliness and courtesy. None of them have come within measurable distance of Forrest in Othello, Damon and Spartacus. His Richeleu, he thought, was not to be named with Macready's. His physique disqualified him for Richard and Hamlet. "No more like my father than I to Hercules," for example, appears absurd. As to Forrest's Spartacus Coleman says :

"Imagine, if you can, some marble majesty of the elder world stepping down from its pedestal, instinct with life and motion. The head and shoulders are those of a demi-god. He is dark-eyed, dark-haired, olive-complexioned, with limbs of matchless symmetry—limbs of which every muscle can be clearly discerned through the transparent silken fleshings in which the majestic image is clad from head to foot. A simple flowing garment of some maroon-colored stuff, unrelieved by a single ornament, falls from the left shoulder down to the waist on the opposite side, leaving the ample chest and the

massive right arm quite bare. Try to conceive this gorgeous creature, making the stage alive with classic grace and dignity, and then you may form some faint idea of what this great actor was like in those days." Bunn was of much the same opinion. "I am here to fight!" he considered impressive beyond description.

Very soon after Macready's arrival in America, and while he was filling his engagement in New York, an article appeared in the *Boston Mail*, October 30, 1848, setting forth the grievances of Forrest. It may be reasonably suspected that it was written by James Oakes, a friend of Forrest's, who generously acted on his own responsibility. It charged that the English actor had treated Forrest with indignity during his visit to England in 1845, that he or his "toady," Forster, had taken, means to prevent his fair hearing in London, that they had packed the Princess's Theatre with a hired clique to hiss him, and that the persecution had been followed up, that Macready had interposed with Mitchell, his manager, during his visit to Paris, to prevent a meeting and thus thwart an arrangement for an appearance in the French capital, that the criticisms on his acting had been brutal, the press

having been suborned by Macready and his tool. Such was the substance of the charges. Macready offered suit on this, which was never brought to trial; but on May 8 of the following year he caused to be published in the New York papers a number of letters in refutation.

Chevalier Wyckoff, for Forrest, had written a letter setting forth his knowledge of the active enmity of Forster; Albany Fonblanque on the contrary asserted that there was no newspaper effort made against the American actor; Mitchell denied very explicitly that he had been influenced in the slightest by Macready; Bulwer explained that he had offered to give Forrest the right to appear in his plays at the same terms that he required of English actors, and indeed on better than the usual rates; Ryder denied that any audience, or any other person than Forrest, had ever hissed Macready; it was stated that Forster was ill during the time that the disparaging criticisms had appeared in the *Examiner*; while all declared that Macready was too much of a gentleman, too high-minded to have ever discussed with anyone, or to have suggested to anyone, the persecution described. Such in general was this most skillful, temper-

ately-written, and for the moment, most effective reply. The consistency of it with facts we shall see: it is open to analysis; but for the moment it gave Macready a sure footing.

Macready had been wounded by Forrest's taunt that he was a superannuated driveler, incapable of playing the parts of Shakspeare, and he was moreover pugnacious to a degree.

Forrest was manly and open; he stated his case frankly, and yet, no doubt, he reserved for the inner fire of his hatred the remembrance of some indignity, some scorn, some slight, too sacred in the man's pride for public utterance. His deep and penetrating eye had discerned the craftiness and bitter enmity of Forster, and he chose to make Macready responsible for his inimical work. Macready's own diary bears out Forrest's estimate of the relations between the two men.

Forster was the son of a dairyman, whose importance in literary circles in London was earned by valuable work in historical research, and whose pen in journalism was one of the strongest of the day. He was an opinionative person, blustering and overbearing, a zealous friend, a dangerous enemy, a good companion, industrious in establishing social relations, al-

most professional in his capacity as a diner out—in short, the ideal henchman for a man of Macready's peculiarities. Macready named one of his sons Johnathan Forster, and if there was anything in Macready's heart that John Forster did not know, then friendship, for good or evil, is an empty name. Macready's responsibility for Forster's acts, obscure at the time of the "replies from England," is very clear now. Their intimacy began soon after they met at Edmund Kean's funeral. Forster began to be in Macready's room at Covent Garden constantly. He assumed his duties as confidential press agent at once, and we find him, according to Bunn and Stephen Price, asserting that Macready alone should have the supremacy of the English stage. This statement is borne out by the criticisms that Forster published at this time, 1836, when Forrest made his first and successful visit to England; according to Archer, he stood alone in the discourtesy of writing contemptuous articles, although Macready "remonstrated with him." It is significant that Forster seems not to have been present at the dinner at Elstree or at the one given at the Garrick Club to Forrest.

A few notes of the intimacy between Forster

and Macready will make it plainer: In 1836 Bulwer dines with Macready, and Forster joins in this confidential discussion as to the play in hand, "Cromwell." In 1837, Bulwer drives Forster and Macready to the dinner at the Garrick, given to Charles Kemble; Forster enquires if he will undertake an edition of Shakspeare; Forster brings clippings about "Sardanapalus;" Forster tells him that he is at the head of the profession; Forster reports the opinions of Kemble and others as to his treatment by Bunn, and helps to bring that quarrel to a head; Forster is promptly in his room after the affair with Bunn, and gives his advice freely; Forster, with Talfourd and others of the set, is in his room on the night of his first appearance at the other house; Forster provides the clippings as to "Ion;" Forster is conspicuous at that happy "Ion" supper, and in the course of the companionship, runs Talfourd pretty close in the number and fervor of his after dinner speeches in eulogy of Macready; Forster appoints the time of meeting between Browning and Macready in the matter of "Strafford;" "Forster came into my room with a gentleman whom he introduced as Dickens, alias Boz. I was glad to see him;" Forster

had got to be the recognized intermediary ; Forster was present, almost without exception, at all the dinners, either at Macready's house or eslewhere, as an inseparable companion ; Forster brings Talfourd to a rehearsal of the ballet, " which I would have gladly been spared ; " Forster gives the title of " Woman's Wit," to a play, by Knowles ; " went home with Forster, who got hot tea for me ; " Forster proposes a dramatization from Dickens of " Oliver Twist," which is rejected ; Forster sends Macready a copy of resolutions of friends who have subscribed £1,000 for Covent Garden ; Forster affects to be offended because Dickens sends in Talfourd's " Glencoe " without naming the author, acting in his place, as it were ; Forster is often present when a new play is read before Letitia and Catherine, as in the case of " Money ; " Macready stipulates with Webster for a private box, and Forster always had the run of the dressing-room, boxes and the like ; Forster brings a sketch of characters for a comedy to be suggested to Bulwer, which is rejected ; Forster is so officious that he obtains a letter from Bulwer suggesting Sir Robert Walpole as a character ; Forster meets at Macready's the best men of the day, and

his conversation, it is clear, is rich enough to pay the charges of his entertainment; he gets up the dinner at the Star and Garter before Macready's departure for America; he, with Fox and others, discusses the project of building a theatre for Macready when he returns; Forster shows Macready Forrest's letter in the *Times*, avowing his act at Edinburgh, (a notable celerity this, reaching an Englishman before he opens his *Times* at the breakfast table); then there was a white bait dinner before Macready left for America, in 1848, a private love-feast, when Catherine so tenderly sang Auld Lang Syne; and it was Forster that hung about his neck, as the steamer was about to put off at Liverpool—"he was very much affected," was Forster; it was Forster that, as far back as 1836, advised him as to the horses proper for his carriage; Forster asks him to write a review of Fanny Kemble's book; it was Forster that must have induced him to put some money into the *Examiner*; when Macready's child Nina was hopelessly ill, it was Forster that wrote him consoling notes to the provinces; Forster was the only man that could have besought him to permit his children to witness him on the stage, sent, no doubt by them, they

not daring to ask again; after the farewell performance, Forster alone, of the throng of friends, remained in the room, and was present when the children came in—Willie and Katie, and Macready's two sisters; and so the intimacy ran through the years, until at last Forster followed his friend to Kensal Green.

Now this is a very imperfect record of the relations. Macready was never in trouble that Forster was not called in. When the paper *John Bull* attacks him, it was Forster who wrote a reply to the *Times*, to be copied by Macready. It is impossible to deny Macready's responsibility for all that Forster did in relation to Forrest.

On May 7, 1849, the first attempt of the people to drive Macready from the stage was made at the Astor Place Opera House. The play was "Macbeth." The actor was greeted with ironical cheering applause on his first appearance, and bowed his acknowledgment in order to bring to a pause what he imagined to be a too long continued welcome. The disorder became continuous, grew into howls and epithets, placards were exhibited inscribed with the charges against him. "You have been proved a liar," and the like statements

found expression one way or another; Macready paced the breadth of the stage and sought to fix with his eye each man in the pit who was hurling rage at him, pointing them out with his truncheon, etc.; a rotten egg, apples, lemons, quite a peck of potatoes, a bottle of *assfoetida*, smelling horribly; chairs were finally wrenched up and thrown on to the stage, etc. The crowd outside attempted to break in, and at the close of the third act Macready thought he had done his duty to the managers and the public, and retired, feeling that he could not again appear in America in the face of the outrage. A petition or requisition was signed by a number of citizens, headed with the name of Washington Irving, and the night of the 10th was named for the reappearance, under every assurance of protection.

In the meanwhile political feeling was craftily promoted. A handbill appeared as if coming from the British contingent of the town, urging them to combine against a clique of American ruffians. Other bills were distributed calling on the people to "put down the insolent attempt on the part of foreigners to dictate to them on their own soil." A mob is necessarily a promiscuous gathering, made up to some

extent of thoughtless lads, the idle and the curious, but the crowd of fast gathering citizens in Astor Place represented a definite sentiment. The Bowery element, it is true, men who loved a fight, whether as members of the volunteer fire department or from the exuberance of manly spirit, gave the occasion a formidable appearance. The effort of the select classes to force Macready on the public was resented. More than the requisite number of tickets to fill the house had been sold. Each side had distributed them. Serious trouble was apprehended. The police arrived early. After the rioting became formidable a company of cavalry militia came into action, but were quickly dispersed with derisive stones. At nine o'clock 170 men of the 7th Regiment marched into the crowd. Between them and the hard beset police the rioters were pushed from the Eighth street side of the theatre. It is needless to recall the clamorings, the jeers, and the epithets, or to number the stones that were hurled at the bruised and endangered defenders of the Englishman. Repeated orders to fire were given and finally obeyed; volleys oblique and direct, and twenty men or so fell dead or wounded. These shots were heard by

Macready in his dressing-room at the close of the performance.

The scenes within the house had been a repetition of the disturbance of the evening of May 7. The play was gone through, for the most part in pantomime. The police had lifted bodily from the pit a knot of men who were preparing to rush upon the stage. Seven women were present in the early evening but left. The windows had been barricaded. The bombardment of stones contributed to the din furnished by the clamors of the audience. Stones crashed through the shutters, breaking the chandelier, and from a broken water-pipe the water began to trickle from the ceiling. Macready's demeanor was fearless. He was prevailed on to wear a hat and cloak provided for disguise, and reached the street with the audience. He did not return to the New York Hotel, but passed the night until about four o'clock in the morning at the house of his friend Emmet. A carriage conveyed him, with a friend as escort, to a point on the railway to Boston. Boston he reached in safety, and was welcomed by George Curtis who, strangely enough, had offered him the hospitality of his home by letter the very morning of the deplorable affair in

Astor Place. He remained in Boston in perfect safety for nearly two weeks, and sailed for England on May 23, after having given a reading for the select of that literary town, whose sympathies seemed to be with him to the fullest extent.

Macready's diaries have been edited with care in certain particulars by Sir F. Pollock, but like the letters sent to America by Bulwer and others they prove too much. It is absurd to say that he "never entertained any but the kindest feelings toward Forrest" before the outburst of his rival at Edinburgh. He had been entertained by the American actor in New York in a manner that was not returned. Forrest was perhaps the only actor, not connected with him in a business way, that ever crossed his threshold as a guest. If this statement is not strictly correct, it is very nearly so. He hated Forrest as he did Kean and all the others. In 1836: "Rose late and canvassed with my counsel of the home department the best mode of arrangement in inviting Forrest to our home." It was the only dinner that he ever gave him, and when Forrest was entertained at the Garrick Club Macready arrived late; Browning and Talfourd were

the only two men of distinction to meet him at Elstree. At the Garrick Club: "I found of the party of eighteen who sat down to the dinner given to Mr. Forrest—himself, Talfourd (in the chair), Mr. Blood opposite, S. Price, C. Kemble, W. Jones, Zachary (!) Dance, Murphy, Raymond, and three others unknown." Forster may have been ill at the time! After the dinner to Macready in New York in 1843, "too large for comfort," Forrest may have reasonably expected some attention when he went to England in 1845. He surely had some reason to expect to be met in a friendly spirit in Paris. He had reason to refuse to dine with him after that experience. It was apparently to the interest of Macready to entertain Forrest with courtesy at least, for his hopes were set on the emoluments of another voyage to America. Why did he not do so? Mainly because on his last trip he had encountered the American in direct rivalry, and had been compared with him in an annoying manner by the critics. Moreover, Forrest may have encouraged the idea of his acting with Macready, a proposition looking to some such arrangement having been promptly rejected when made by Marshall, of Philadelphia. Macready

was in the depths of his morbidness when he returned to England and found his supremacy in danger. Forrest had secured an engagement at the Princess's preceding his own date at that house. There were abundant causes of displeasure with the American. Even Bunn disdained American art. Forrest was the only actor that had touched upon English recognition. American dramatic literature was feeble, and English authors had not received royalties for their plays performed in America. No doubt the authors were incensed with Forrest as well as Macready, some of whose best parts had been appropriated by Forrest. Of course, it is impossible to "suborn the press," but the feeling among the critics against the actor is evident. But Forrest's discomfiture came about in a wonderful and unexpected way. Charlotte Cushman had been engaged by Maddox to support him, but she stipulated for an evening for her independent debut. Her success was a windfall for Macready's adherents. She sprang into a career that led to the accumulation of a fortune greater than the savings of Macready and Forrest combined.

It is hardly necessary to say that much that Forrest tortured himself with was imaginary, but

in the main the man was wrathful by good right. He was ruder in speech than his polished adversary, but he was a man, every inch of him. He died manacled and chained with the unhappy outcome of his life, but he left a noble charity in the form of a home for needy actors, that keeps him in the affectionate remembrance of his profession. Possibly he lacked sustained tenderness in his acting. A remembrance of him in his last days, in Sir Giles Overreach, the only character in which he was seen by this writer, left the impression of a greatness not now on earth.

Macready was largely responsible for the trouble that he encountered. He was so indiscreet and pugnacious that in speeches before the curtain in New York he referred to the charge of his "unknown accuser" that he was "too old and effete to embody the creations of the great dramatist." He was unmolested even after this invitation to hostility until he repeated his defiance at Philadelphia, referring to the insult he had received at Edinburgh from "the only American who would have been guilty of such conduct." The Philadelphia audience, fond and proud of their townsman, resented this utterance with a serious demon-

stration. The spirit of fight and of aggressive defense was now definitely aroused. An American gentleman, ready for the exercise of his private firearms, associated himself with Macready on this occasion, and marched down the street with him. Cards in the newspapers were exchanged. Macready, accustomed to warfare of the kind by means of the handbill—as in various former controversies—came before the public in large pica. He announced that he was an innocent gentleman, that he would not “bandy words” with such a vulgarian as Forrest, denying all his charges, and asserting by very plain implication that the American was a liar. The statement that there had been no attack on Forrest in the *Examiner* was particularly exasperating to the friends of Forrest who had in their possession the very papers in dispute. This is an example: “Our old friend Forrest afforded great amusement to the public by his performance as Macbeth on Friday evening at the Princess’s. Indeed, our best comic actors do not often excite so great a quantity of mirth. The change from an inaudible murmur to a thunder of sound was enormous; but the grand feature was the combat, in which he stood scraping his sword against

that of Macbeth. We were at a loss to know what this gesture meant till an enlightened critic in the gallery shouted out: 'That's right, sharpen it.' " Macready proceeded on his tour of the country, meeting with courtesy. Some feeling existed against him, however, everywhere. In Cincinnati some rude denizen of the West threw half the carcass of a sheep on the stage with his compliments. On Macready's return to New York he was driven from the stage.

It would have been well if the matter had rested here. It is difficult to conceive that any man is willing to concede that the personal defense of Macready was worth seventeen or twenty lives. As a personal matter between him and Forrest, certainly not. The personal aspect of the case was pretty well understood; Bunn's book had been published, and the feeling against him in the profession was bitter.

It was mainly political feeling that brought about the riot in Astor Place. Forrest, of course, was exceedingly popular. At that time, for example, Broadway was animate with rival lines of omnibuses; and one of these vehicles, many of them being distinguished by the name of some public favorite, known as the

Edwin Forrest, was occasionally driven with an appanage of twenty horses amid the acclamation of the throngs of the busy street. He was the first great American actor. But the riot in behalf of a popular actor was not an uncommon occurrence. In nearly every instance the American feeling was the motive. Farren was driven from the Bowery Theatre in 1834, and although Hamblin came to the footlights waving two American flags, the house was nearly wrecked. Farren's offense was a remark reported by an actor named MacKinney that displeased American patriotism. Anderson, the Woods, George Frederick Cooke, Edmund Kean and others felt demonstrations of a like sort. Macready and English writers have attached some importance to the fact that Forrest was a Democrat. The riot was not political in any sense related to the division of the parties of the country. The only distinctly American party, in the matter of opposition to foreigners, was the Know Nothing party, which came into existence later, and was so called because of the charge that its affairs were managed by a secret organization, its members professing to know nothing of its silent plans. This party could make no headway against the

stronger Democratic party, with its broad and liberal principles of welcome to the immigrant.

But the sentiment of resentment against Dickens, Captain Marryat, Mrs. Trollope, and other invidious critics was widespread. Dickens, in particular, had betrayed every hospitality. Not a few people of as much refinement and intelligence as Dickens could have been in the habit of associating with at home, found themselves figuring as the originals of his distorted scorn. Certainly the satire was very clever, and at this time the man's genius for that sort of thing, exercised also on his own people, is held as a very trifling and superficial, and often true picture of what he saw.

Macready was prepared for some of the feeling of indignation. He reads Martin Chuzzlewit, and is grieved at it. He knew of his own experience its injustice. In September, 1843, just before leaving for America, he received a letter from Dickens, explaining that Captain Marryat had suggested to him the impropriety of his accompanying him to the ship at Liverpool to see him off, and that therefore he denied himself the pleasure of shaking hands with him in parting.

Mobs are necessarily vulgar, but considering the times and the provocation, there was nothing disgraceful in the expression of opinion that called the rioters together. The English would not have acted with as much forbearance under similar circumstances. Not many months before this affair the French actors had been hooted from the stage in London, without other cause than general national prejudice. The O. P. riots, lasting for weeks, were more disgraceful than this one. If it were not that the members of the Seventh Regiment nurture a traditional feeling because they obeyed orders, and that a few American aiders of Macready hold to a false estimate of their respectability and responsibility, there would be but one opinion in the matter. The troops did their duty, the citizens acted on their best information, and there the case ends. History is one thing, and the right and wrong of the moment another. Apart from the acts of violence the sentiment of Americanism that animated the roughs and toughs of the Bowery, as well as many respectable citizens, was not only honorable, but praiseworthy in an eminent degree. There was no doubt a good deal of the absurd in the conception of Macready as "the tool of the

bloated aristocracy of an effete civilization ;" but the men of those times little imagined that Macready, in his inmost soul, was the victim of the very society that he was assumed to represent.

The chief lesson in the life of Macready is the admonition to the actor to dispossess himself of illusions—to be the natural man. Goethe's advice to the player that he be unlike other men—that he act always—is wholly false. Above all he should recognize the brotherhood of art and entertain a tender regard for his fellow-craftsmen, even though it should be mingled with pity for the humbler members of a profession that should be brought to the highest level through charity of heart. This book has no value if this truth does not shine through every line that has a seeming of harshness.

CHAPTER VII.

"TELL," "VIRGINIUS," "WERNER," "THE BRIDAL," ETC.

WILLIAM TELL," by James Sheridan Knowles, was produced at Drury Lane Theatre, May 11, 1825. This play, familiar to every reader in its historic outline, contains a few picturesque and stirring scenes and situations, but its limitations are marked, and Macready wearied at last in its performance. The youthful Clara Fisher (now Mrs. Maeder,) at this date living in New York, after a career of great popularity in America, contributed in a wonderful degree to the success of the piece, as Albert. An early passage of the play is Tell's talk with the boy when he finds him shooting at a mark. With careful concern he directs him in the use of the bow, and then, with a burst of energy, as uttered by Macready—a point that was always received with applause—he tells the boy to suppose the mark to be Gessler.

The boy is dispatched across the mountains to find Ernj, who is needed in the conspiracy that is directly caused by the cruelty of Gessler in putting out the eyes of Melchtal. The boy meets Gessler, lost in the mountains, and leads him to safety, but, refusing to tell his name, is detained. Tell reaches the market place as the cap is lifted to be bowed to by the people. He refuses to submit to the ceremony, and is bound. There is a strong scene in which father and child are confronted and endeavor to conceal their identity, which is discovered when the order is given to Tell to shoot the apple from the boy's head. The succession of incidents at this point, ending in the slaying of Gessler, is effective.

"*Virginius*," by Sheridan Knowles, written in three months, was done at Covent Garden in the spring of 1820. The play is dedicated to Macready.

Virginia is the happy and innocent daughter of *Virginius*; the *Decemvirs* begin to misrule the people; *Virginius* playfully rallies Virginia on the likeness of the face of her lover *Icilius* which she has made in a painting of *Achilles*. There is a scene of betrothal; *Appius* sees Virginia pass along the street, and is smitten

with her charm ; he gets his henchman to claim her as his slave, under a pretext by which she is brought before him ; there are scenes of political turbulence. Virginius returns from camp, and is confronted with the peril to his daughter, and when all hope is gone he seizes a knife from the stall of a butcher, and with it dedicates the life of his daughter to the cause of purity. Appius is overthrown ; Virginius has lost his reason, he calls upon Virginia—

“ Is it a voice, or nothing, answers me ?

I hear a sound so fine—there’s nothing lives

’ Twixt it and silence.”

Virginius finds his way to the cell in which Appius is confined ; he demands his daughter :

“Equivocate, and lo !

Thou sport’st with fire. I am wild, distracted, mad !

I am all aflame—aflame ! I tell thee once

For all, I want my child, and I will have her.”

In the closing scene he is discovered with Appius dead at his feet ; Icilius places an urn in his hand, and Virginius clasps it, it is Virginia.

“ But I have acted Richelieu and Virginius hundreds of times, I have seen others, good actors too, try their hands on them ; but in these two parts none of us were in the same century with him,” was admitted by Vandenhoff and Coleman.

T. P. Cooke said to Coleman : " I hate him ! D—n him ! I hate the growling beast, but he can act, and no mistake ! Kean tried to play Virginius after him, but he couldn't touch him, and threw up the part. I saw him once play Ruthven, in a play on the subject of " Mary Stuart," and the fellow positively curdled my blood. I was glad to get out of the theatre ! "

" The Bridal " was adapted by Knowles, from Beaumont and Fletcher's " Maid's Tragedy," with the addition of three scenes, Macready having recalled the play to the stage, and the copyright became his property. In his preface he speaks of the character of Melantius as a favorite one with Betterton, whose death was accelerated by his exertions in the part. Sheil first suggested its adaptation, but was compelled to abandon work on it, and it was given to Knowles. It was announced at Drury Lane Theatre, October, 1831 ; was on the point of production in the season of 1833-34 ; it was withdrawn in 1835 on account of a misunderstanding with " the person " in charge of the stage (Bunn) ; and was finally brought forward at the Haymarket in 1837.

Aspatia, formerly betrothed to Amintor, is

heart-stricken, "her watery eyes are ever bent to earth ;"

"She will sing :—

The mournfulest things that ever ear hath heard,
And sigh and sing again ;"

her Amintor is to wed Evadne, for her own honor has been slain by the crafty tongue of the King; him she seeks audience with, accompanied by her kinsman, Calinax; the King makes the interview private, and the maid sues for her virgin name again:

King—Thou should'st be mistress to a king, I say.

Asp.—Not a king's wife that lacked a kingly heart.

Nor wife of him that owned one, save he were
The monarch of my soul.

The King urges her to consent, whereupon he will have Amintor wed her instead of Evadne, and so make a convenience of the sacred ceremony.

The coming is announced of Melantius, the brother of Evadne.

In the second act Evadne and Amintor are at the altar; Melantius learns that the bride is not to be Aspatia, and regrets the mischance; hears that it is his sister.

The procession comes, "their torches flash a day about them;" a festal scene, Malantius

happy in the happiness of his sister, but wondering at the fall of Aspatia; Amintor begs him to stay, but he retires with the King. Amintor is alone, Aspatia appears; she comes to look upon him once again, and to leave with him a paper which declares her innocence.

She breathes the very spirit of poesy and gentleness :

“ So with my prayers I leave you, and must try
Some yet unpracticed way to grieve and die.”

A very striking scene follows, in which Amintor seeks the nuptial chamber; Evadne repels him, and finally tells him—

“ The fate that yokes me
With thy humbler spirit, can lay no thrall upon
My sovereign will ; my heart defies all bondage.”

Melantius forces an audience of the King; demands to know for whom he waits :

Mel.—Have I no right to know ?

Thou damned pestilence, that takest not one,
But twenty at a swoop !

King—Audacious man !

Where's thy allegiance ?

Mel.—Where's Evadne's honor ?..... This, this, Sir King.

This hath my sister done ! Palmed off herself
As a rich bride, fit for my friend to wed, when
all she had was stolen..... Felons must die !
It is the law,

In the struggle to slay him Melantius is dragged away by the aroused attendants ; " My mind's at ease, Melantius dies to-night."

The fifth act is as poetic as it is tragic ; Evadne slays the King, the resolve and not the deed being seen ; she visits Melantius in his cell, showing the signet ring of the King that will free him ; the avowal of her deed is brought out with the mastery of Beaumont and Fletcher, and Evadne dies in the arms of her brother, having taken poison ; Melantius will die with her, but is restrained. The play closes with the lines :—

" For on lustful kings,
Unlooked-for, sudden deaths, from Heaven are sent ;
But woe to him that is their instrument ! "

" The Bridal " was a great success. " His Virginius," says Marston, " was scarcely finer than his Melantius, while in Evadne, Mrs. Warner reached the summit of her power. The brave, loyal soldier, free and martial in his bearing, sincere almost to bluntness, seized the audience at once." " In the grand scene, one of the most passionate in English drama—in the fourth act, where Melantius forces Evadne to confession, it is hard to conceive that even Betterton, so famous in the part, could have been

greater than the modern actor. There was at first a grim, sardonic air about him, suggesting a terrible mirth, in the way lightning mocks daylight, that was terribly ominous of the coming outbreak; there was a suppressed passion, a boding calm, that held the listener in awe and apprehension, till at last the pent up rage crashed out with such vehemence it seemed as if nothing in its path could live." "A passage that I have not found in the original. The loyal Melantius demands the name of his accuser;" the zeal of one of the courtiers betrays him. "Oh, then it came from *him*!" exclaims Melantius. Macready's quiet manner of delivering these words to the King, without turning to confront his accuser, whom he indicated behind him by a slight movement of the finger, expressed such superb contempt that the house rang with applause."

"Damon and Pythias," by John Banim, revised by Sheil, was produced at Covent Garden Theatre, May 28, 1831. "Macready's last scenes with Hermion, with his freedman, and at the scaffold, formed as near an approach as we ever saw to tragic perfection. The last, when he rushes on, is terrific and sublime," was the critical confession.

Damon opposes the tyrant of Syracuse, and is condemned to death. Pythias offers himself as hostage for the space of six hours that Damon may bid farewell to his wife and child. The tyrant grimly tests Pythias, through Calanthe, his bride, offering him flight. He refuses. Damon resists the entreaty of his own wife. His slave slays his steed to prevent his return; he is about to kill the faithful creature, but seizes the horse of a traveller, and arrives at the scaffold amid the shouts of the vast concourse at the last moment, and is pardoned for his constancy.

A version of "Werner" was acted in New York, at the Park Theatre, in the season of 1826; Macready produced his version at Drury Lane, December 15, 1830. It is utterly morbid, and, except for the moral that occasion justifies no sin, as puerile as a child's tale. Nor is the style of Byron's best, for example :

"The stars are almost faded, and the gray
Begins to grizzle the black hair of night."

Werner has long been a wanderer from his father's estate at Prague. Strahlenheim, a relative, seeks his death, hoping to succeed to the title, etc. The scene opens in a decayed castle

in Silesia. Werner discovers a secret passage to the chamber of Strahlenheim, and takes gold that will enable him to escape. He justifies this "venial" act to his son Ulric, who has revealed himself to his father. Strahlenheim is discovered dead, slain by Ulric, but the crime is fastened on Gabor, a poor wretch, the noblest figure in the play. Werner succeeds to the estate. Gabor appears and is about to clear himself of the crime, etc. Ulric turns out to be the leader of the black band of the forests, utterly lawless. He attempts to slay Gabor, the occasion justifying the means. Thus Werner's "venial" sin comes home to him. Ulric rushes away, abandoning for his wild life, the bride intended for him. Werner falls into the arms of his wife with the piteous cry that he is "done with life!"

Murdoch, a man of unimpeachable justice in his judgments, says of this performance: "Here the vocal peculiarities of the actor seemed so entirely appropriate that one might fancy that Werner talked as Mr. Macready did." His performance of his part was perfectly natural. "When the developments of the plot bring his proud boy face to face with an accusing witness to answer the fearful

charge of homicide, the miseries of the wretched parent were so faithfully portrayed that the spasmodic twitchings of the face, the heavings of the breast, and the excited, tremulous tones of fear and anxiety, all seemed to be the expressions of realized agony. But who shall attempt to portray the wailing tones of the crushed heart that thrilled through the nerves of the auditor when the bold and defiant avowal of his child revealed him to the horror-stricken father as a cold-blooded murderer? No tongue can fittingly describe such a scene,"

Marston contends that Macready has never been excelled, if equalled, in the complete and harmonious development of character; that some have excelled him in the sudden revelation of passion. In the course of some comments on the performance of "Werner," he says, of the fifth act: "What Macready achieved here in the way of facial expression and symbolic gesture (for his share in the dialogue was small), has never, I think, under the given condition, been exceeded. At first, with one arm thrown fondly around his son's shoulder, he listened with light scorn to his accuser. As the proofs thickened, the eyes, before careless, became fixed on Gabor. This man related particular

after particular, the significance of which against his son the Count at length recognized, while the relaxed arm which lay on Ulric's shoulder fell heavily as Gabor proceeded, and with increasing stress of proof, the Count turned and looked at his son. Shocked by his expression, he faltered a step from him. The tale continued, and again the stricken father unconsciously fell back. His changes of looks and attitude had silently told all the effects of the story upon the sympathizing spectators. As I have said, the words allotted here to Macready were few and far between; but there was little need of words. The changes in the father's heart were uttered in a tongue of which every movement was a syllable, every look an accent." Ulric then urges the silencing of Gabor: "As Ulric cited the fatal doctrine of expediency, by which Siegendorf had extenuated his robbery in the second act, the feeling that his own maxims and example had betrayed his son into crime were fearfully expressed by the convulsions of the face, by the hands that first sought to close the ears, and then to beat back the sounds that would enter. When at length Ulric, in plain terms, charges his disgrace upon his father's precepts, Mac-

ready produced one of those rare effects which become traditions of the theatre. With a shrill cry of agony, as if pierced mortally by a dart, he bounded from his seat, and then, as if all strength had failed him, wavered and fluttered forward, so to speak, till he sank on one knee in front of the stage." Irving played the piece for Marston, June 1, 1887.

CHAPTER VIII.

"ION," "GISIPPUS."

"ION," by Thomas Noon Talfourd, was produced on the night of Macready's benefit, May 26, 1836. It had been printed for private circulation, but the discovery of its capabilities, its preparation for stage use, and its brilliant success are to be attributed to Macready. A plague prevails in Argos. King Adrastus spends his hours in revelry. The oracle responds that

" Argos ne'er shall find release
'Till her monarch's race shall cease."

Ion, of birth unknown, has been reared with the priests. He is chosen to slay King Adrastus. In the attempt it is revealed that he is the son of the King by a forbidden marriage in his youth; it was believed that the infant had been set out to perish. Ion attempts to save his father, but fails. In succeeding to the throne he recognizes that the decree of the oracle must be fulfilled. It is his secret re-

solve. An interview with Clemanthe, whom he loves, is very touching. "And shall we never see each other?" she asks, "Yes," replies Ion,

" I have asked that dreadful question of the hills
That look eternal ; of the flowing streams
That lucid flow forever ; of the stars,
Amid whose fields of azure my raised spirit
Hath trod in glory : All were dumb ; but now
While I thus gaze upon thy living face,
I feel the love that kindles through its beauty,
Can never wholly perish ; we *shall* meet
Again, Clemanthe ! "

Ion slays himself at the altar ; the plague is stayed.

"Gisippus" was written by Gerald Griffin, and was found among his papers at his death. This young Irishman did not pass his 37th year, but by his tales of Irish life, he had gained rank with Banim and Carleton. It was from his "Collegians" that Boucicault derived his "Colleen Bawn." The play was produced at Drury Lane by Macready in 1842. Griffin wrote it in his twentieth year, and brought it, with three other plays, to London, but he failed of immediate success in placing them. Charles Kean read it "on top of an omnibus," and returned it with the remark that he would be

"sorry" to produce it. Gisippus finds, after a long absence from Athens, that his friend Fulvius has won the love of his betrothed. This has been brought about by a series of innocent fatalities, and he resigns himself to his disappointment. The marriage takes place. Fulvius is in a position to rescue Gisippus from debt, but a certain message is not understood and Fulvius departs for the wars where honors and distinction await him. Gisippus is sold into slavery. The scene changes to Rome. Fulvius is in high estate. The wretched Gisippus sees him pass by unknowing and unheeding him.

"I would I were beneath the deepest wave
Of dark Tyrrhene, to doubt or hope no more,"

is the despairing moan of the unhappy man. Gisippus witnesses a murder in a graveyard in which he has taken refuge. He assumes to be the murderer, and as such is about to be executed. Fulvius learns of the identity and innocence of Gisippus, rushes on to save him. Gisippus is at first deaf to explanation, but yielding to the words of the woman that he had loved, and saying, "All for thee!" forgives them. Macready had great faith in this play before its production, but it was perhaps less

successful with him than on the American stage. The defect is obvious: Gisippus is inadequately rewarded for his ruined life.

Marston records his recollection of Macready in "Nina Sforza," a play of Italian revenge that is now entirely out of date and use. As Spinola, Macready, in the fifth act, turned over with his foot the "limbs of his prostrate rival, the foe of his house, whose despair and ruin he had accomplished. The intense malignity of the action excited the opposition of the pit, but it was true to the hereditary hatred of the character, which, with its duplicity, had been superbly rendered."

CHAPTER IX.

BULWER'S PLAYS: "THE LADY OF LYONS," "RICHELIEU," "MONEY," ETC.

THERE are no indications that Macready made any substantial alterations in the manuscript of "The Lady of Lyons." It is true that changes were discussed with Bulwer, Forster's judgment having weight. The process of revision had been applied to the author's "Duchess de la Vallière," and the actor and Bulwer had now got on a footing of free interchange of opinion. On February 3, 1838, Macready received a letter from Bulwer accompanying a play entitled "The Adventurer," "but when I saw it written down," the Diary has it, "I would not consent to it." When the play was produced Bulwer was pleased with the "gigantic" performance. The name of the author was not given out for some days. The noble author's contentment with the result of the venture took the form of generosity. In the second month

of the run he returned to the actor a check for the royalties in the sum of £210. He finally made a present to Macready of this play and of "Money."

Macready's suggestions in the re-shaping of Bulwer's plays were no doubt valuable and controlling, but since the publication of the diaries the impression of a greater service has taken shape. Probably it is an over-estimate. Bulwer was not a man to let matters go out of his hands, and his characteristic self-poise is to be noted in his absurd offer of his first play to Bunn. He makes no acknowledgement to Macready, and in his preface to "The Lady of Lyons," has only this to say, really claiming all credit for all technical skill: "The play itself, was composed with a two-fold object. In the first place, sympathising with the enterprise of Mr. Macready, as manager of Covent Garden, and believing that many of the higher interests of the drama were involved in the success or failure of an enterprise equally hazardous and disinterested, I felt, if I may so presume to express myself, something of the Brotherhood of Art, and it was only for Mr. Macready to think it possible that I might serve him in order for me to make the attempt. Secondly, in that

attempt I was mainly anxious to see whether or not, after the comparative failure on the stage of "The Duchess de la Vallière," certain critics had truly declared that it was not in my power to attain the art of dramatic construction and theatrical effect. I felt, indeed, that it was in this that a writer, accustomed to the narrative class of composition, would have the most both to learn and *unlearn*. Accordingly, it was to the development of the plot and the arrangement of the incidents that I directed my chief attention."

The business as marked by Macready shows a mastery of stage-craft. It is full of tricks and devices, an understanding of the value of which is peculiar to the actor. The experienced reader of plays, acquainted with what is known as the prompt book, can easily trace his hand, even to the addition of a sentence here and there; for example, in the third scene of the first act, shouts are heard without, "Long live Claude Melnotte," "Long live the Prince!" The name of the hero comes first—and the stage direction is "The widow descends the stairs during the shouts;" while the use of the stairs, and the management of the exits and entrances, are directed to obtaining as much movement

and variety in the action as possible. The details of this kind are admirable.

The play is full of bombast and absurdities, but its effectiveness will long outlive smaller criticism. It has the advantage of having in the two leading characters personages of equal force, so that the heroine has been a favorite of the most popular actresses. To single out one of the many performers of the part, it may be said that the genius of Mary Anderson, the latest great exponent, was never exercised to better advantage than in this character. The merit of the play is in its action rather than in its florid language.

M. Deschappelles is a rich tradesman of Lyons, with a wife ambitious of marrying her daughter to a title; Pauline has been fed on vanity, and is also filled with this hope. The French revolution has swept away all titles, and the suit of Beuseant, the son of a marquis, rich and with all the pride of rank, is rejected. They look for a foreign Prince, which cousin Damas, a blunt soldier, laughs at. In the meanwhile Pauline has been receiving flowers and verses from an unknown admirer. In the second scene Beuseant and Glavis, both rejected lovers, are discussing their chagrin at the

village inn, and express the wish to humble her ; hearing shouts of " Long live the Prince," they learn from the landlord the story of Claude Melnotte, the son of a gardener, a peasant, popular with the villagers, who has just won the prize in a shooting contest, and is known as the Prince because of his manners, dress and accomplishments above his station, and that, in a secret way, he is in love with the Beauty of Lyons, Pauline Deschapelles. They determine to use him. In the third scene, Melnotte returns to his home, the cottage of his widowed mother ; on an easel is a picture that he has painted of Pauline. He tells his mother of the flowers that he has sent to Pauline, and that he has seen them on her breast. He has sent verses to her, and awaits the return of his messenger, Gaspar, who reports that he was treated with contumely and kicks, and the promise that the poet would be received in the same manner. In the tempest of his wrath and humiliation, a messenger arrives from Beauseant, bearing a letter vaguely suggesting, but sufficiently for the spectator and dramatic purpose, because already indicated, the scheme of revenge on the proud daughter of the tradesman.

The second act opens in the gardens of the

house of M. Deschappelles. Beauseant and Glavis have equipped Melnotte as an Italian Prince, giving him, among other things, a diamond ring and a diamond snuff-box. Some comedy is provided by Melnotte's playing the Prince indeed in presenting these articles to the mother and daughter. Cousin Damas is suspicious, tests the Italian of the peasant-prince, and believing him to be an imposter, challenges him, forthwith producing rapiers, and being as quickly disarmed; after which event he is Melnotte's friend; "It is astonishing how much I like a man after I have fought with him!" In this act occurs the description of

" A palace lifting to eternal summer
Its marble walls, from out a glossy bower
Of coolest foliage musical with birds,
Whose song should syllable thy name ! At noon
We'd sit beneath the arching vines, and wonder
Why Earth could be unhappy, while the Heavens
Still left us youth and love ! We'd have no friends
That were not lovers ; no ambition, save
To excell them all in love ; we'd read no books
That were not tales of love that we might smile
To think how poorly eloquence of words
Translates the poetry of hearts like ours !
And when night came, amidst the breathless Heavens,
We'd guess what star should be our home when love
Becomes immortal ; while the perfumed light
Stole through the mists of alabaster lamps,

And every air was heavy with the sighs
Of orange groves and music from sweet lutes,
And murmurs of low fountains that gush forth
I' the midst of roses !—Dost thou like the picture ? ”

Of course this is the quintessence of brain-sickness, and all the more absurd from the dishonorable position of the peasant-prince, but the potency of the scene in performance illustrates the value of a visible actuality on the stage ; it is a love scene and it stands on its rights ; and when a woman of beauty, like Mrs. Langtry, for example, languishes through it, the ripe lips arched with the promise of kisses, and the eye heavy with a burden of passion, we forget that Melnotte is a liar and Pauline a fool. Melnotte's struggle with his sense of honor is brought out at intervals. Madame Deschappelles has such confidence in the “ Prince ” that when Beauseant, urging the need of Melnotte's immediate flight from the Revolutionists, hurries up the marriage, it is arranged without the usual formalities as to the settlement of the estate.

At the opening of the third act we find that Melnotte, after the ceremony of marriage, had started on some kind of a journey with his bride—ostensibly, of course, to Italy—but for

the purposes of the action it is sufficient that the coach has broken down, that the village inn does not afford proper quarters, and the aimable Melnotte remarks in verse :

“ Let us escape these rustics ; close at hand
There is a cot, where I have bid prepare
Our evening lodgment—a rude homely roof, etc.”

The progress of the action is filled with incident. Arrived at the cottage, the mother's greeting to her boy accomplishes the revelation. The wounded pride of Pauline finds various expression, and the act closes with Melnotte's declaration that he will not hold her to the contract of marriage—that she shall abide only for the night as their guest ; Pauline retiring up the effective stair prepared by Macready's eye to business ; she looks back with a mere suggestion of being touched by his recital of his passion, temptation and resolve. In his impassioned recital he had told her of how his love had impelled him to

“ seek to rise

Out of the prison of my mean estate ;
And, with such jewels as the exploring Mind
Brings from the caves of Knowledge, buy my ransom
From those twin gaolers of the daring heart—
Low Birth and iron Fortune.”

Act IV. Melnotte hears Pauline sobbing all

the night, but finally she rests; whereupon he sits down to send a letter to M. Deschappelles apprising him of his purpose to have the marriage annulled. Pauline's jealousy is faintly stirred in the course of a talk with his mother, in which she tells her of Melnotte's love and that he could have married among the rich, etc. "Don't weep, *mother*," says Pauline. Her love begins to assert itself. Beauseant comes in the absence of Melnotte, is repulsed by the wife, and is ordered out by Melnotte on his return, who kisses her as he holds her fainting in his arms. M. Deschappelles and Madame arrive, Pauline disconcerts them by throwing her arms about Melnotte and begging him to stay with her, but he has accepted the offer of Colonel Damas, and leaves to retrieve himself in the wars, which hold out promise to the true soldier.

Act. V. After an interval of a year or so, at the close of the war the army returns, with it, one famous Col. Morier, who has been enriched by the "booty." He is the intimate of Damas, and we recognize in him, under the assumed name, our poet-peasant. Deschappelles, in danger of bankruptcy, has arranged with Beauseant for his mercantile safety, and, in ex-

change for the aid, will have the marriage with Melnotte annulled, and give his daughter to him. The family meet for the purpose of carrying out this arrangement, Pauline consenting at the behest of duty, but loving Melnotte with added fervor. Melnotte is introduced as Col. Morier, bronzed and changed in appearance, standing aloof until Pauline approaches him to give him a message to the man she loves. Assured of Pauline's love, when Beauseant is about to consummate his part of the contract by the payment of the stipulated sum, Melnotte tears up the contract, and upon the very natural enquiry of Deschappelles as to his conduct, he says :

" Peace, old man !

I have a prior claim. Before the face
Of man and Heaven I urge it ; I outbid
Yon sordid huckster for your priceless jewel.

(giving a pocket-book)

There's the sum twice told ! Blush not to take it—
There's not a coin that is not bought and hallow'd
In the cause of nations with a soldier's blood ! "

" Torments and death," says Beauseant, and he departs with the notary. There is general joy, and again do Pauline's ripe lips arch with the promise of kisses, and her eye grow heavy with the burden of passion.

"Richelieu" was first performed March 7, 1836, at the Covent Garden Theater, to an overflowing house, under every advantage of scenery, and with a cast of a remarkable kind.

The action begins at the house of Marion de Lorme; the period and the costumes belong to the years 1641-2; Louis XIII. is King, Richelieu his prime minister, and the Duke of Orleans aspires to the Regency. Baradas unfolds to the Duke the plot, Bouillon will join his army with the Spaniard, march on to Paris, dethrone the King, etc. De Mauprat and De Beringhen are at the card table; the former had been a gallant soldier, death "desired as Daphne by the eager Daygod," Richelieu had spared his life for having seized on the town of Faviaux without the order of the Duke, his superior officer. He had sought death and found it not, Richelieu having made death a condition. Baradas plays on the supposed hate of the soldier to Richelieu, and in the talk it appears that he loves Julie, the ward of the minister, whom also Baradas loves and the King desires for his use. Baradas proposes to make a tool of De Mauprat against Richelieu, when Huguet appears with a guard and arrests De Mauprat, who tells him :

“ Hereafter

Say, when men name me, ‘ Adrien de Mauprat
Lived without hope, and perished without fear ! ’ ”

In the second scene Richelieu is seen with Joseph, the priest, his familiar, who recounts to him the conspiracy. Julie is announced ; “ he’s very tiresome, our worthy king,” says Julie, and to the playful soundings she reveals, innocently, her love for De Mauprat. She retires, Richelieu promising to wipe him from the list of his enemies. Huguet takes his place, with his carbine, behind the screen, and de Mauprat is admitted ; under the searching words used by the Cardinal he becomes resentful, and advances on him, when Huguet is seen to raise his carbine ; the Cardinal says :

“ Not quite so quick, friend Huguet,
Messire de Mauprat is a patient man,
And he can wait ! ”

The Cardinal in an outburst describes his career, how he has “ recreated France ; ” he forgives him ; he shall live and be married, at which De Mauprat remonstrates, preferring death to such a fate ;

“ Huguet, to the tapestry chamber
Conduct your prisoner.

(To Mauprat)

“ You will there behold

The executioner :—your doom be private—
And Heaven have mercy on you ! ”

Some bandiage with Joseph, and the return of the lovers from the inner room closes the act.

• Act II. sees De Mauprat wedded to Julie ; he has also been enriched with a palace, but hardly had he arrived, on his wedding day, before a letter from the King forbids him to speak with Julie out of the presence of de Ber- inghen, a greedy and foppish courtier, who is placed on guard over him ; Baradas persuades him that it is all a subtle scheme of the Cardinal to make him a convenience for the King in an intrigue with Julie and to disgrace him. Among the many bits of effective theatrical trickery is one in the second scene of the second act. Richelieu speaks of the ease with which he would have played with the conspiritors in his younger years, and in failing to wield the falchion that is brought to him, speaks the often quoted lines :

“ Beneath the rule of men entirely great
The pen is mightier than the sword.”

A trifle of bombast may be observed in the lines, and some of them are distinctly puerile and absurd.

Marion reports the meetings at her house,

and Richelieu discerns danger in the plot with Bouillon; he wishes to get the dispatch that the conspirators will send; Marion will give the dispatch to the messenger; Francois is to gain the dispatch :

Fran.—If I fail—

Rich.—Fail—

In the lexicon of youth, which fate reserves for a
bright manhood,

There is no such word

As—*fail*—

Richelieu has been informed of the plot to assassinate him; he doubts Huguet, whose father he had hanged. Huguet overhears the conversation, and the crafty remark that he will be promised a reward that will never be fulfilled, and retires unseen, with a menacing gesture. Huguet is instructed to guard the approaches to the castle. Richelieu and the priest retire, the Cardinal reiterating his promise that he will make Joseph a Bishop.

In Act III, Richelieu is seated, making large utterance of that blank verse that runs into bombast, and yet is effective in the hands of an actor "entirely great." He flings away his book when Francois enters hastily; a hurried interchange of words, the packet had been wrested from Francois in the darkness, he dis-

misses him with the words again, "there is no such word as fail;" Julie appears and recites her experiences; she had repulsed the King, and had not yielded. Huguet admits De Mauprat, who smarts under his supposed shame, and will murder the Cardinal; he makes his purpose known. De Mauprat lifts his visor, when the Cardinal bids him "to thy knees, and crawl for pardon;" Julie coming on, a short, but spirited scene restores the understanding between the lovers; the hoarse murmur of the approaching conspirators is heard, and they retire, this present danger to be outwitted; the conspirators enter, De Mauprat throws aside the curtains of bed in the recess, on which is seen lying the body of Richelieu; De Mauprat gives an account of how he found him strangled in sleep, and hurries them away to carry the news to the Duke, promising a reward to the first to convey the intelligence. Huguet is sent to prison by the treacherous Baradas; Francois tells of the paper reft from him; and, at the close of the third act, the uncertainty as to the present holder of this dispatch—danger to all.

The opening scene of the fourth act is devoted to some characterization of the King; De

Mauprat seeks out Baradas, and after a cross of swords, the King appears ; to the amazement of the King and the conspirators, Richelieu comes on the scene, but his powers of persuasion and entreaty are devoted to supplicating the King to spare De Mauprat, who is sent to the Bastille, the impassioned utterance of the discredited Cardinal being in marked contrast with his former moments of rule. Baradas and De Ber- inghen come to take Julie to the arms of the King, whereupon, after a short parley, Richelieu puts his arm about her, and

“ Then wakes the power, which in the age of iron
Burst forth to curb the great, and raise the low,
Mark where she stands, around her form I draw
The awful circle of our solemn church !
Set but a foot within that holy ground,
And on thy head—yea, though, it wore a crown—
I launch the curse of Rome ! ”

(To Baradas :)

“ Lose not a trick ; by this same hour to-morrow
Thou shall France, or I thy head ! ”

He overhears a word of Baradas: * * *

“ Avaunt !—my name is Richelieu—I defy thee !
Walk blindfold on ; behind thee stalks the headsman,
Ha ! ha ! how pale he is ! Heaven save my country ! ”

At the opening of the fifth act Joseph fails to induce the jailer to admit him to Huguet, who

has the packet ; Francois, pretending to be the son of Huguet, is there on the same mission ; De Beringhen enters the cell of Huguet, wrests the packet from him, and is in turn robbed of it by Francois. Another scene is made of the attempt of Baradas to influence Julie, De Mauprat being doomed to the axe ; but the lovers, confronted, prefer death and their immortal love ; Richelieu is led in, and, in his weakened state, reclines on a sofa ; the general audience, with the King leads to the dramatic denouement ; the packet restored, with proof of the conspiracy and danger to the state averted in the folly of the new counsellors, whom Richelieu exposes at every point. The Cardinal rules again.

Marston gives a notable description of the first night of "Richlieu," which is worth the reader's while to look up in full.

It was a great and eager audience that had surged about the doors for hours ; it was lit up by expectation. How would the Cardinal come on was the common wonder. After noting the effectiveness of certain scenes, Marston says, that when the Cardinal shielded Julie with the ægis of the church the pit seemed to rock with enthusiasm, as it volleyed its admiration in voices of thunder.

The play ended : " Thus it was an audience dazzled, almost bewildered by the brilliancy of the achievement, that, on the instant fall of the curtain, burst into a roar of admiration that, wild, craving, unappeasable, pursued like a sea, the retreating actor, and swept him back to the front."

This was the impression left upon Coleman : " Of all his performances, I venture to think this was the greatest and most perfect creation. I have seen Forrest before him ; I have seen all the great actors since ; I have acted the part more frequently than any living man, but I have never yet seen anyone approach within measurable distance of Macready in this wonderful impersonation. His smile when Julie de Mauprat sat at his feet, irradiated his grim face with an angelic beauty. His business with the sword and the pen in two minutes took the auditor back two ages ; one moment he was the mail-clad warrior fighting before Rochelle, smiting " the stalwart Englisher to the waist ; " the next instant he was the feeble but mighty statesmen, wielding a weapon more potent than the sword of Charles Martel. The famous ' Never-say-fail ' speech thrilled through one like a trumpet-call. His tenderness to his

orphan ward contrasted in strong relief to his scornful denunciation of the traitor Baradas, while his love of country dominated over all. In the last scene, when, awaking from his simulated trance, he leaped up, and dilating to preternatural proportions, he exclaimed, 'There, at my feet!' he realized a picture, once seen, never to be forgotten. When in this situation he glided down the stage, I protest, he always suggested to me the Divine Image grown gray and ghastly through the efflux of the ages and once more floating over the sea of Galilee."

Of one of the most striking scenes in "Riche-lieu" Lady Pollock writes: "The actor's passion rose to its noblest height as he stood looking down upon his foe, towering in his wrath; and while he threatened the offender with the curse of Rome, his attitude assumed a dignity which was that of an immense power; his voice then gave out peals of thunder. It was no wonder that his enemies shrank away in terror, and that he stood alone in a charmed circle."

CHAPTER X.

CHARACTERISTICS AND MERIT.

THE characteristics of Macready as an actor and his comparative merit, may best be estimated from the testimony of the critical judgment of his contemporaries. The review of his performances by Lewes is very comprehensive.

“ In Edmund Kean and Rachel we recognize types of genius ; in Macready I see only a man of talent, but of talent so marked and individual that it approaches very near to genius ; and indeed, in justification of those admirers who would claim for him the higher title, I may say that Tieck, whose opinion on such a matter will be received with great respect, told me that Macready seemed to him a better actor than either Kean or John Kemble ; and he only saw Macready in the early part of his long and arduous career. Of John Kemble I cannot, of course, speak. And with respect to Kean, while claiming for him the indisputable superiority in the highest reaches of his art, I should

admit that he was inferior to Macready in that general flexibility of talent and in that range of intellectual sympathy which are necessary to the personation of many and various parts. In that sense Macready was the better actor. And he showed it in another striking difference. Kean created scarcely any new parts : with the exception of Bertram, Brutus and Sir Edward Mortimer, all his attempts with modern plays were more or less failures. He gave the stamp of his own great power to Shylock, Othello, Sir Giles Overreach, and Richard ; but he could not infuse life into Virginius or Tell ; nor would he, perhaps, have succeeded with Werner, Richelieu, Claude Melnotte, Ruy Gomez, and the fifty other parts which Macready created. It is worthy of note that Kean was greatest in the greatest parts, and seemed to require the wide range of Shaksperian passion for his arena ; whereas Macready was greater in parts like Werner, Richelieu, Iago, or Virginius, and always fell short when representing the great Shaksperian hero.

“ Macready had a voice powerful, extensive in compass, capable of delicate modulation in quiet passages (though with a tendency to scream in violent passages), and having tones

that thrilled and tones that stirred tears. His declamation was mannered and unmusical; yet his intelligence always made him follow the winding meanings through the involutions of the verse, and never allowed you to feel, as you feel in the declamation of Charles Kean and many other actors, that he was speaking words which he did not thoroughly understand. The trick of a broken and spasmodic rhythm might destroy the music proper to the verse, but it did not perplex you with false emphasis or intonations wandering at hazard. His person was good, and his face expressive.

“ We shall perhaps, best understand the nature of his talent by thinking of the characters he most successfully personated. They are many and various, implying great flexibility in his powers, but they were not characters of grandeur, physical or moral. They were domestic rather than ideal, and made but slight appeals to the larger passions which give strength to heroes. He was irritable where he should have been passionate, querulous where he should have been terrible.

“ In ‘ Macbeth,’ for example, nothing could have been finer than the indications he gave of

a conscience wavering under the influence of 'fate and metaphysical aid,' superstitious, and weakly cherishing the suggestions of superstition; but nothing could have been less heroic than his presentation of the great criminal. He was fretful and impatient under the taunts and provocations of his wife; he was ignoble under the terrors of remorse; he stole into the sleeping-chamber of Duncan like a man going to purloin a purse, not like a warrior going to snatch a crown.

"In Othello, again, his passion was irritability, and his agony had no grandeur. His Hamlet I thought bad, due allowance being made for the intelligence it displayed. He was lachrymose and fretful: too fond of a cambric handkerchief to be really affecting; nor, as it seemed to me, had he that sympathy with the character which would have given an impressive unity to his performance—it was 'a thing of shreds and patches,' not a whole. In King John, Richard II., Iago, and Cassius, all his great qualities were displayed. In Werner he represented the anguish of a weak mind prostrate, with a pathos almost as remarkable as the heroic agony of Kean's Othello. The forlorn look and

wailing accent when his son retorts upon him his own plea, 'who taught me there were crimes made venial by the occasion?' are not to be forgotten. Nor was the fiery impatience of his Cassius less remarkable; it was just the kind of passion he could best express.

"In tenderness Macready had few rivals. He could exhibit the noble tenderness of a father in *Virginus*, as well as the chivalrous tenderness of a lover. None of the young men whom I have seen play *Claude Melnotte* had the youthfulness of Macready in that part, you lost all sense of his sixty years in the nervous and resilient buoyancy of his manner; and when he paced up and down before the foot-lights, describing to the charming *Pauline* with whom his *Melnotte* is memorably associated—*Helen Faucit*—the home where love should be, his voice, look, and bearing had an indescribable effect. It was really a rare sight to witness *Claude Melnotte* and *Lear* played by the same actor in the same week. The fretful irritability of the senile king was admirably rendered; he *almost* succeeded in making the character credible; and although the terrific curse was probably delivered by *Kean* with incomparably more grandeur, the screaming

vehemence of Macready was quite in keeping with the irritability of the earlier scenes. He was a thorough artist, very conscientious, very much in earnest, and very careful about all the resources of his art. Hence he was always picturesque in his costume.

"He did not belong to the stately declamatory school of Kemble, but in all parts strove to introduce as much familiarity of detail as was consistent with ideal representation. His touches of 'nature' were sometimes out of keeping with the general elevation of the performance, and he was fond of making a 'point' by an abrupt transition from the declamatory to the conversational; but whenever he had an emotion to depict, he depicted it sympathetically and not artificially; by which I mean that he felt himself to be the person, and having identified himself with the character, sought by means of the symbols of his art, to express what that character felt; he did not stand outside the character and try to express its emotions by the symbols which had been employed for other characters by other actors."

Vandenhoff, who probably had no great liking for the man, denies in his reminiscences, that Macready possessed powers of imagination,

but his comments appear to be frank and just in other particulars. "He was indeed an essentially original actor," says Lady Pollock; "he was gifted by nature with a temperament singularly sensitive and imaginative; and it was in passages of profound sorrow, of concentrated solemn passion, that his great strength lay; the tones of suffering, between resignation and despair, the last utterances of a broken heart, were expressed by him, so that the impression they made upon the hearer became a part of his future existence. It was this power which gave a peculiar beauty to the closing scenes of 'Othello,' and which poetized the character of Macbeth, which gasped out, 'I have done with life,' in 'Werner,' which spoke Hamlet's soliloquies, and which, in the tragedy of Lear, soothed the cruel daughter with the words:

"'I will not trouble thee, my child—farewell !

We'll no more meet, no more see one another.'"

Coleman did not like him in Othello. "His Othello which I saw him act in Edinburgh, was the least satisfactory and impressive of his Shaksperian performances. I may here remark that he was the only actor I ever saw make up for the Moor with an entirely black face, in fact, black as a Christy minstrel. Pos-

sibly his comparative failure in Othello may have arisen from the fact that he never liked the part—so, at least, he told me.”

Macready thought “Macbeth” the most perfect play for the stage, and it was in the character of the Thane that he took leave of the stage. Marston is inclined to give it as his best character: “After the departure of the witches in the first act, the air of brooding revery in the soliloquy, with a strange sense conveyed in the fixed and fateful gaze of impending evil, insidious encroachment of evil, spite of brief but terrible recoil, and afterwards the overdone warmth with which he excuses his abstraction to Rosse and Angus, were rendered with consummate skill and effect. . . . His closing scenes could not have been surpassed. His physical energy was terrific, and took grandeur from the desperate mind.”

Vandenhoff professes that he never cared for Macready in Shakspeare, except in the characters of Macbeth and Iago.

Marston thought him too tall and vigorous for Hamlet. “His acting in the play scene, however, was superb.” As to Hamlet, he said to Marston, “I believe no man ever played it with any approach to completeness until he was

too old to look it." In Othello, "one of his fine points was the thrusting of his dark, despairing face through the curtains of the bed, when Emilia calls to him after Desdemona's murder. The discovery of the face alone—"the index of a tragic volume"—was thrilling in its effect, besides forming, incidentally, in contrast with the drapery, a marvellous piece of color."

Marston places Macready above Charles Kemble and Charles Kean and Vandenhoff, but in real fire and passion, below Edmund Kean.

Talfourd's review of Macready's characters is important: "And, last and finest of all, Werner, in Lord Byron's play, adapted by himself to the stage. His Pierre was occasionally too familiar, and now and then too loud; but it had beauties of the highest order, of which I chiefly remember his passionate taunt of the gang of conspirators, and his silent reproach to Jaffier by holding up his manacled hands, and looking upon the poor traitor with steadfast sorrow. In King John there is a want of the amenity with which Kemble reconciled the weak and odious monarch to the nature which his actions outraged and his

weakness degraded; and some of the more declamatory speeches were given with a hurry which scarcely permitted them to be understood; but the scene where he suggests to Hubert the murder of Arthur, and that of his own death, were most masterly; the last, as a representation of death by poison, true, forcible, and terrific, yet without anything to disgust, is an extraordinary triumph of art. His Hastings is only striking in one scene—that where he is doomed to die, and utters forgiveness to his betrayer. Of his old parts, none has been so perfect as the Stranger. Every look and tone is that of a man who fancies he hates mankind because his heart is overflowing with love which can not be satisfied.”

Macready's special distinction was his power to translate emotion into its proper visible symbolic forms: “On discovering that his betrothed, whom he passionately loves, is really attached to his friend, Gisippus, after a struggle, resigns her to him. The marriage day comes, and Gisippus, suppressing his emotion, mingles with the guests. At length the affianced pair move on to the bridal. At this point Macready lingered behind, sank upon a bench, and, as the music grew fainter, took off

his chaplet, gazed on it wistfully, mournfully ;
then, with bowed head, let it fall, with a sigh.
The wreath seemed to drop on the grave of
his illusions."

CHAPTER XI.

THE CLOSE OF THE CAREER.

MACREADY arrived in London, June 7, 1849, and soon begins making preparations for his retirement. After a few provincial engagements he visits Sherborne, and selects the house that is to be his future home, setting his expenditures at £700 a year, although in March, 1851, he reckons his income at £1,285, out of which he reserved £400 for the payment of the college terms of his son William. From October 8 to the middle of December he acted at the Haymarket at £40 a night. He begins his farewell performances at Bristol, January 15. The attendance is sometimes disappointing, and the Shaksperian pieces draw better than "Virginius" and "Werner." February he acts before the Queen and the Prince Consort at Windsor, Brutus being the character selected. After playing at Dublin, he reaches Liverpool; his daughter Nina had been ill for some months, and he finds a despatch awaiting him at the hotel summoning

him to her bedside at Hastings, whither he proceeds in a special train, only to close her eyes after a day or two of watching, with his hand in hers. This incident in Macready's life is very touching in many particulars. The girl had for many years cherished the wish to see her father act before he relinquished his art, but latterly had begun to doubt if she would like to disturb her idea of him by associating him with any assumed character. She left her modest will in a box marked with the words in Italian : " *Ci rivedremo* "—We shall meet again.

He seems now to have made his first visit to Knebworth, accompanied by his faithful friend Forster, it being a memorable event of intimacy with Bulwer, with whom a great part of his fame is identified. October 28, began a series of farewell performances at the Haymarket, opening to a moderate house in Macbeth. He records his impression that his acting in many of these parts was the very best of his whole career. For example, he writes that his last performance of Iago was "better than any he has read of as to Cooke, Young, and Henderson," who, he thinks, only penetrated the surface.

At Rugby, Cambridge, Oxford, and Eton he reads before the students. His children were present at the performance of "Othello," and also at the last performance of all—"Macbeth." Katie, Willie, his two sisters, Ellen and Letitia, came into his room after the farewell speech to the public, where he was alone with Forster, his troop of friends having left. Every incident indicated a solemn and complete separation from the stage. He sold his costumes to Webster, and gave to a few friends such souvenirs as they selected—to Forster the scroll used by Virginius and the written part. His wife chose only the white cowl of Philip van Artevelde, and that was the only token that was borne to the retirement at Sherborne.

Says G. H. Lewes of this farewell performance: When "—he fell pierced by Macduff's sword, this death, typical of the actor's death, this last look, this last act of the actor, struck every bosom with a sharp and sudden blow, loosening a tempest of tumultuous feeling such as made applause an ovation. He did not act, but was sincere and natural." "My ambition," said Macready in his speech, "to establish a theatre, in regard to decorum and

taste, worthy of our country, and to leave in it the plays of our divine Shakspeare fitly illustrated, was frustrated by those whose duty it was, in virtue of the trust committed to them, themselves to have undertaken the task. But some good seed has yet been sown; and in the zeal and creditable productions of certain of our present managers we have assurance that the corrupt editions and unseemly presentations of past days will never be restored, but that the purity of our poet's text will henceforward be held on our English stage in the reverence it ever should command."

7.15
26
The final performance had been given on February 27, and the dinner at the London Tavern was set for March 1. The rooms proved inadequate for the throng, and the dinner was held in the neighboring Hall of Commerce. The arrangements were all carried out by Dickens, and Bulwer presided. Macready made an impressive speech in acknowledgment of the toast directed to him. Among the other speakers were Bulwer, Dickens, Eastlake, Forster, Chevalier Bunsen, W. J. Fox, Charles Kemble, and Thackeray. A better account of this occasion than would be provided by a record of the speeches is that

given by John Coleman in his interesting book of reminiscences :

“ When I arrived there, by some mistake on the part of the officials, I was shown, cloaks, rugs, and furs included, into a brilliantly lighted waiting-room, nearly filled with swells. I suppose my eccentric appearance attracted attention ; everybody seemed to stare at me, and I felt somewhat embarrassed. A tall, slender, supercilious-looking, fair-haired coxcomb with Hyperion locks and a faultless waxed mustache, a Roman nose, a wonderfully arranged white choker, a great shaggy wraprascal over his elegant evening dress, attracted my attention, and I may say excited my anger. He had posed himself with indolent grace, leaning against the mantelpiece with his legs crossed. His handsome, aristocratic head rested on his left hand, while with his right he put up his eye-glass and took stock of me from head to foot, as who would say, ‘ what wild man of the woods have we here ? ’ I felt myself crimson to the ear-tips. While I was thinking I should like to punch this gentleman’s head, a confused murmur of voices and a general sensation announced the arrival of the guest of the evening.

“From the accident of my position I happened to be the very first person with whom Mr. Macready came in contact. He shook hands, gave me a gracious welcome, and passed on to the fair-haired swell. ‘Ah, my dear Sir Edward,’ said he, and to my astonishment I discovered that this lordly exquisite was no less a personage than the author of ‘Riche-lieu.’ My anger, however, died out in speechless admiration, when, upon Mr. Macready doing me the honor to introduce me, Sir Edward murmured a few commonplace courtesies. . . . First, Fox, the Unitarian preacher, made a long-winded and grandiloquent speech, and was called to time; next Mr. John Forster ladled out, or, I should say, roared forth an ode written for the occasion by Tennyson, commencing, ‘Macready, moral, great, sublime!’ then Phelps, who was to have returned thanks for the chairman, turned tail and bolted; and Charles Kemble, whom I saw for the first and last time on that occasion, made a somewhat irrelevant speech, in the middle of which he ‘dried up,’ and sat down. ‘Heavens!’ thought I, ‘can this deaf, blatant, obtuse old gentleman with the broken nose be all that remains of that mirror of chivalry, the

peerless Faulconbridge, the gallant Orlando, the matchless Romeo, and the magnanimous Mark Antony?' Bulwer was the chairman, and made a speech which read famously in the papers next day, but sounded very badly that night. He was accredited with having based Sir Frederick Blount in 'Money' on his own peculiarities, and I can well believe it. One of his sentences still rings in my ears. Here it is: 'I think, gentlemen, you will all agree with me that ewewy gweat actah has'th his peculiar mannah, as well as ewewy gweat w'iter has'th his'th peculiar style.' Thackeray, who had to propose 'the health of the ladies,' would, I thought, have broken down every moment, not from the cause assigned by some 'd——d good-natured friends' (of that I can speak with positive certainty), but from sheer nervousness. There had been bitter blood between the 'noble Bayonet' and the author of the 'Yellow Plush Papers,' and it seemed to me as if the former noted the latter's discomfort with an amused and languid disdain, which overlaid a somewhat deeper-rooted feeling. Charles Dickens (a capital after-dinner speaker) was at his best, and ranged from grave to gay with equal facility; indeed his

speech was as florid as his costume, which was striking enough in all conscience. He wore a blue dress-coat, faced with silk and aflame with gorgeous brass buttons, a vest of satin, with a white satin collar, and a wonderfully embroidered shirt. When he got up to speak, his long curly hair, his luxuriant whiskers, his handsome face, his bright eyes, his general aspect of geniality and *bonhomie*, presented a delightful picture. I made some ingenuous remark on the subject to Thackeray, who blandly rejoined, 'Yes, the beggar is as beautiful as a butterfly, especially about the shirt-front.' The speech of the night was, however, Macready's. He knew how to speak, and spoke in a clear voice. There was scarcely a dry eye when the closing salutes of 'God bless you, Mac,' etc., were heard from all sides."

Coleman adds the following personal observations: "His features appeared irregular and corrugated. He had a spacious brow and delicately penciled eyebrows, but his nose was of a most composite order, a mixture of Grecian, Milesian, and snub, with no power of dilation in the nostrils. His eyes were dull and lustreless by day, but at night, as I afterwards discovered, they were orbs of fire. His

mouth, though small, was well-cut and decided; the lower jaw, which was firm and massive, was very underhung. His closely shorn and blue-black beard imparted a grim and saturnine cast to his features. He wore his hair, which was beginning to show the marks of time, clubbed in huge masses over his ears."

CHAPTER XII.

IN RETIREMENT: THE LAST DAYS.

THE very next day after this sad but triumphant feast saw the family installed at Sherborne. The house was a large and handsome freestone mansion, in the town, but rural in its surroundings. There was a simple dignity in its architecture. The staircase had been painted by Sir James Thornhill, the dining-room was panelled in dark oak, and the rooms provided admirable quarters for comfort and studious ease. The library room was large enough to be the scene of gatherings to listen to the readings of the old master of his art. He devoted eager attention to the education of his children, who had also the advantage of the old-established grammar-school of the town. Pollock says, "he dedicated much time, more indeed than was good for them, or for himself, to the minute personal superintendence of the general education, and of the various lessons of his children." It is easy to see that the man

who had ruled the affairs of the playhouse with an iron hand was a martinet in the affairs of his family. He essayed to educate the poor of the neighborhood, by means of a night school, the efficiency of which was commended in the report of the official examiner. A part of his income was devoted to the maintenance of the school, at least £100 a year. He accepted the presidency of the Scientific and Literary Institute, giving it books, contributing occasional readings by himself, and frequently bringing his famous friends from London to entertain his charge.

Macready suffered repeated sorrows in his retirement. His wife died in 1852, and his two sons died in their youth, Walter Francis Sheil, aged 13, in 1853, Henry Frederick Bulwer, aged 19, in 1857. His daughter Lydia did not pass her sixteenth year, dying in 1858, while later in the same year was laid to rest his sister Letitia, upon whose stone Macready caused to be inscribed "The Sister and Friend of William Charles Macready."

In 1860 Macready found Sherborne too cheerless, and moved to Cheltenham, where he married a second time. This companion of his old age was the "fifth daughter of Henry

Spencer, Esq., and the granddaughter of Sir William Beechey, R.A., painter to George III. and Queen Charlotte." Macready now lived in complete retirement, his visits to his friends in London being confined to the most intimate, and his life was remote for many years from public concerns of all kinds. Censure may be applied to the morbidness, the temper, and other unhappy traits of character that were glaring faults in the active career of Macready, but he was chastened in his old age as few men have been. His second daughter, Catherine, who had been helpful in this life of charity and instruction to the poor, had developed a sprightly mind, and had written a book or so of verse. He was devoted to her. In 1869 Macready and his wife made the journey to Plymouth to welcome her home from a voyage to Madeira. They awaited her arrival for twelve days, only to be stricken down by the intelligence that she had died and been buried at sea. His eldest son, William, employed in the India service, died suddenly at Ceylon in 1872. In 1840, little Joan, just past her third year, had been taken from him, and amid occasional false pathos on other concerns, to be read in the Diary, there are true touches of feeling in his

regret for this tender child. Two children survived, Jonathan Forster, and the son of his second marriage, Cecil Frederick Neville.

Macready reached the age of eighty, and his peaceful end was only hastened by a slight bronchial attack. He died April 27, 1873, and was buried by the side of those he loved at Kensal Green. "Ci rivedremo."

THE END.

INDEX.

	<i>Page</i>
"Acis and Galatea"	69
Actors, Macready's dislike of.....	102, 103
Alexander, "Alexander the Great"	35
America, some aspects of.....	45, 47, 74, 110, 113
"Amélie".....	59
Amurath, "Balamira".....	33
Anderson, Mary.....	162
"Antony and Cleopatra".....	50
"Apostate, The".....	30
Aranza, "The Honeymoon".....	11
Archer.....	<i>Preface</i> , 21
"As You Like It".....	69, 70, 37
Astor Place Riot.....	128, etc.
"Athelwold".....	71
"Athenian Captive".....	61
 "Balamira".....	 33
Banim.....	41, 149
Bath.....	18
Benedick, "Much Ado About Nothing".....	71
Bertulphe, "Provost of Bruges".....	52
Betterton.....	77, 145
Betty	6
Beverley, "The Gamester".....	12, 181
Birch.....	2, 4, 7, 12
Biron, "Fatal Marriage".....	35
"Blot on the 'Scutcheon'".....	71
Booth, J. B.....	28, 29, 37, 77

INDEX.

	<i>Page</i>
Bragelone, "Duchess of la Vallière".....	56
"Bridal, The".....	57, 59, 144
Browning.....	55, 56, 65, 66, 71, 132
Brutus, "Julius Cæsar".....	71, 108, 189
Bulwer, 52, 56, 60, 61, 64, 66, 68, 69, 83, 88, 89, 99, 101, 122, 125; Chapter IX., 159, etc.	
Bunn.....	49, 50, 53, 91, 145
Byron.....	150
"Calus Gracchus".....	44
Captain Plume.....	16
Carlyle.....	67, 74
Carroll, Charles.....	110, 114
Cassius, "Julius Cæsar".....	34, 42, 181, 182
Chamont, "The Orphan".....	11
Charles II., "Royal Oak".....	11
"Clarke, Master".....	69
Claude Melnotte, "Lady of Lyons".....	179, 182
Clytus, "Alexander the Great".....	35
Coleman, John (quoted), 77, 78, 86, 94, 117, 120, 144, 145, 176, 184, 193	
"Comus".....	71
"Conquest of Taranto".....	29
Cooke, G. F.....	190, 138
Cooke, T. P.....	145
Coriolanus, "Coriolanus".....	36, 49, 61, 62, 77
Covent Garden Theatre, 18, 21, 24, 42, 54, 58, 59, 62, 149	
Curtis.....	116, 131
Cushman.....	76, 116
"Cymbeline".....	11, 33
Damon, "Damon and Pythias".....	41
Delane.....	75

II

INDEX.

	<i>Page</i>
Dickens.....	57, 66, 74, 76, 125 139, 192, 195
"Distressed Mother".....	16, 25
Don Felix, "The Wonder".....	14, 21
Don Leo, "The Pledge".....	49
"Douglas".....	11, 12, 33
Drury Lane Theatre.....	21, 42, 47, 51, 52, 69, 75
"Duchess of la Vallière".....	56
Duke, "Measure for Measure".....	44
Elliston.....	33, 42, 77
Elstree.....	50, 57, 82
Etty.....	61
"Evadne".....	34
Evelyn, "Money".....	69
"Every One Has His Fault".....	70
Farren.....	41, 138
"Fatal Marriage".....	35
"Fatal Dowry".....	44
Faucit, Helen.....	63, 66, 182
Fawcett.....	9, 18, 22, 24
Fisher, Clara.....	142
Fonblanque.....	67, 122
Foote, Miss.....	39, 44
Ford, "Merry Wives of Windsor".....	50
Forrest.....	41, 57, 106, 113, 117, 119, 134, etc., 176
Forster.....	57, 61, 74, 76, 121, 123, etc.; 190, 194
"Fortunio".....	71
"Foscari".....	61
Fox, W. J.....	65, 76, 127, 192, 194
Frederick, "The Natural Son".....	11
Gambia, "The Slave".....	27
"Gamester, The".....	12

III

INDEX.

	<i>Page</i>
Garrick.....	77
"George Barnwell".....	11, 18
Ghost in "Hamlet".....	51
Gisippus, "Gisippus".....	70, 156, 187
"Glencoe".....	69
Glenalvon, "Douglas".....	33
Granby Hotel.....	50
Griffin.....	70, 156
Grimwood, "Plighted Troth".....	70
"Guy Romez".....	179
 Hamlet, "Hamlet"	 11, 16, 18, 41, 44, 49, 51, 59, 63, 66, 70, 74, 98, 100, 181, 184, 185
Harris.....	24, 27, 34, 35, 39, 41
Harrison, Gabriel.....	109
Hastings, "Jane Shore".....	59, 62, 187
Haymarket Theatre.....	56, 59, 62, 68, 76, 190
Hazlitt.....	26, 40
Henry IV., Macready as.....	41
Henry V., Macready as.....	34, 66
Henry VIII.....	76
"Honeymoon, The".....	11
Hotspur.....	18
"Huguenot, The".....	43
"Hunter of the Alps".....	45
 Iachimo, "Cymbeline".....	 11, 33
Iago, "Othello".....	50, 51, 59, 179, 181, 185 190
"Ion".....	51, 54, 56, 155
Irving, Henry.....	154
"Italian Lover, The".....	27
Italy.....	42
 "Jane Shore".....	 59, 62

IV

INDEX

	<i>Page</i>
Jaques, "As You Like It".....	37, 44, 70, 71
"Jealous Wife, The".....	49
Jordan, Mrs.....	14
Joseph Surface, "School for Scandal".....	34, 50
Julian, "Julian".....	43
 Kean, Charles.....	 77, 105, 108, 138, 145, 156, 186
Kean, Edmund....	19, 20, 24, 27, 28, 35, 37, 39, 44, 178
Kemble, Charles.....	25, 34, 41, 42, 43, 55, 186, 194
Kemble, John.....	22, 27, 31, 37, 77, 105
King John.....	16, 43, 44, 70, 71, 181, 186
Kitely, "Every Man in His Humour".....	50, 62
Knebworth.....	190
Knowles..	39, 44, 45, 51, 57, 62, 71, 88, 109, 142, 143, 145
 "Lady of Lyons".....	 60, 159, etc.
Langtry, Mrs.....	165
Lear, "Lear".....	37, 50, 59, 99, 182, 184
Leontes, "Winter's Tale".....	44, 71
Lewes (quoted).....	178
"Love Extempore".....	62
Ludovico, "Evadne".....	34
Luke, "Riches".....	18, 59
 Macbeth, "Macbeth".....	 40, 49, 52, 54, 59, 66, 67, 68, 70, 71, 90, 98, 99, 116, 123, 180, 184, 185
Macready, William (father).....	1, 2, 3, 7, 10, 14, 16, 18, 23, 31
Macready, William Charles:	
Boyhood and schooling.....	1, 4, 5
Ideal memory of mother and sister.....	5, 6
Theatricals at Rugby.....	6
His father bankrupt, he offers services.....	7

INDEX.

	<i>Page</i>
Opinion of the profession.....	7
Experiences as a boy manager.....	8, 9, 10
Makes début as Romeo.....	11
Acts with Mrs. Siddons.....	12
Her advice.....	14
Acts with Mrs. Jordan.....	14
Restores original text of Skakspere.....	16
Engaged at Bath.....	18
Meets Edmund Kean.....	19
Forming habits of study.....	20
Only one "best".....	20
Offer from Drury Lane, but closes with Covent Garden.....	21
Adapts "Marmion" and "Rokeby"; importance of his father's help; the London ordeal.....	24
Début as Orestes.....	25
Opinions; his ugliness.....	26
A succession of malicious characters.....	27, etc.
As Pescara.....	30
Thinks of abandoning the stage for the church.....	30
Supplies the money to establish his brother in a career.....	32
Rob Roy his first great success.....	32
Lamb, Talfourd, Sheil, etc., become his friends.....	33
No intimacy with actors.....	33
Richard III. the turning point in his career.....	35
Retrieves the fortunes of the theatre.....	35
His discovery of "Virginius" and success in it.....	38, etc.
"Damon and Pythias".....	41
Quarrels with Charles Kemble and the management.....	42

VI

INDEX.

	<i>Page</i>
Goes to Drury Lane.....	44
" William Tell ".....	45
Marriage and first trip to America.....	45
Educating his wife.....	46
His income.....	46
Acts in Paris.....	46
The Provinces and Drury Lane.....	49
" Werner ".....	2, 51
First relations with Bulwer.....	51
Beginning of trouble with Bunn.....	52
Attacks Bunn.....	53
Goes to Covent Garden.....	54
" Ion ".....	55
" The Bridal ".....	57
Manages Covent Garden.....	58
" The Lady of Lyons ".....	60
Forster becomes his aide-de-camp.....	61
Losses and results of management.....	62
Renews the Lease.....	62
" Tempest ".....	63
" Richelieu ".....	64, 65, 66
Public recognition.....	67
" Money ".....	69
" Gisippus "; " As You Like It ".....	70
Close of management of Drury Lane.....	72
Cause of lack of financial success.....	73
Visits America.....	74
In Paris.....	74
Hissed by Forrest.....	75
Opinions of as a manager.....	77, 78
His morbidness.....	79, 80, etc.
Characteristics and anecdotes.....	84, etc.
Technical skill.....	87, etc.
" Business ".....	90

VII

INDEX.

	<i>Page</i>
Political sentiment.....	91
Pedantry.....	92
Domestic life.....	92
Charity.....	94
His social relations.....	96
Criticism of self.....	98
Morbidness.....	100, etc.
Dislike of the common actor.....	102
Personal characteristics.....	106, etc.
Visits to America.....	110
Love of Liberty.....	111
Travel in the early days.....	113
Hospitable reception.....	115
Origin of the Forrest trouble, the scene in Glasgow.....	117
History of the discussion.....	121, etc.
Relations with Forster.....	125, etc.
First disturbance at the Opera House.....	128
The fatal riot.....	130, etc.
Review of the merits of the facts.....	132, etc.
"William Tell".....	142
"Virginus".....	143
"The Bridal".....	145
"Damon and Pythias".....	149
"Werner".....	150
"Ion".....	155
"Gisippus".....	156
"Lady of Lyons".....	159
"Richelieu".....	169
Characteristics and anecdotes.....	178, etc.
Prepares to leave the stage.....	189
The death of Nina.....	190
Visits Knebworth.....	190
Farewell performance.....	191

VIII

INDEX.

	<i>Page</i>
Farewell dinner.....	192
Retires to Sherborne.....	198
Life in retirement.....	199
Deaths in family ; second marriage.....	199
Death of Macready.....	201
Mrs. Macready (the wife).....	45, 81, 88, 110, 126, 127, 191, 199
Mrs. Macready (the mother).....	2, 5
Macready's children.....	191, 199, 200, 201
Macready, Edward (brother).....	5, 31, 32
" Letitia (sister).....	5, 45, 55, 63, 81, 88, 93, 110, 126, 191, 199
" Ellen (sister).....	5, 191
" Maid's Tragedy ".....	51
Marino Faliero, " Marino Faliero ".....	70
Mark Antony, " Julius Cæsar ".....	16
" Marmion ".....	22
Marston (quoted).....	71, 148, 154, 158, 175, etc., 185, 186
" Mary Stuart ".....	68, 145
Marylebone Theatre.....	76
" Measure for Measure," Duke in.....	44
Melantius, " The Bridal ".....	57, 59, 144
Mentevole, " The Italian Lover ".....	26
" Merchant of Venice ".....	69
" Mirandola ".....	41
Mitchell.....	121, 122
" Money ".....	69
Mordaunt.....	71
Mordent, " The Steward ".....	34
Mortland, " To Marry or Not to Marry ".....	69
" Much Ado About Nothing ".....	71
Munden.....	42
Murdoch (quoted).....	83, 86, 151
" Nina Sforza ".....	57, 88, 158

IX

INDEX.

	<i>Page</i>
Nisbett, Mrs.....	71, 78
Norman, "The Sea Captain".....	68
Norval, "Douglas".....	11
Oakley, "Jealous Wife".....	49
O'Neill, Miss.....	27, 29, 31
Orestes, "The Distressed Mother".....	11, 16, 18, 25
Oroonoko, "Oroonoko".....	16
Osbaldiston.....	54
Othello, "Othello".....	16, 27, 59, 63, 66, 90, 98, 99, 181, 184, 186
Paris.....	48, 74
"Patrician's Daughter, The".....	71
Pescara, "Apostate".....	31
Phelps.....	63, 66, 71, 77, 102, 194
Philip Van Artevelde, "Philip Van Artevelde,"	75, 88
Pierre, "Venice Preserved".....	22
Pinner, Wood.....	50
"Pizarro".....	34
Planché.....	71
"Pledge, The".....	49
"Plighted Troth".....	70
Polhill.....	49
Polignac, "The Huguenot".....	42
Pollock.....	<i>Preface</i> , 132
Pollock, Lady.....	177, 184
Posthumus, "Cymbeline".....	11, 83
Price, Stephen.....	45, 49, 110, 124, 133
"Prisoner of War, The".....	70
Princess's Theatre.....	75, 76, 134
Procter (Cornwall).....	32, 37, 39, 40
Prospero, "The Tempest".....	41, 63
Provincial Theatres.....	9

INDEX.

	<i>Page</i>
"Provoked Husband, The"	59, 62
"Provost of Bruges"	52
Puff, "The Critic"	16
Queen, The	60, 66, 71, 76, 93, 108, 189
"Richard II."	16, 35, 181
"Richard III."	16, 18, 40, 41, 53
Richelieu, "Richelieu"	64, 144, 169, etc., 179
"Riches"	18, 59
Rob Roy, "Rob Roy"	32, 34, 38, 40, 44, 49
"Rokeby"	22
Rolla	34, 49
Romeo, "Romeo and Juliet"	10, 18, 61
Romont, "The Fatal Dowry"	44
Rover, "Wild Oats"	11
"Royal Oak, The"	11, 66
Ruthven, "Marie Stuart"	68, 145
"Sappho"	71
"St. Thomas's Eve"	88
Sardanapalus, "Sardanapalus"	50, 51
"School for Scandal, The"	71
Scroope, "Merchant of London"	49
"Secretary, The"	71
"Sea Captain, The"	68
Shakspere	89, 114
Shell	30, 33, 34, 41, 43, 44, 145, 149
Sherborne	189, 198
Shylock, "Merchant of Venice"	43, 69, 83
Siddons, Mrs.	12, 13, 45, 77
"Slave, The"	27
Spinola, "Nina Sforza"	57
"Stranger, The"	16, 187
"Steward, The"	34

INDEX.

	<i>Page</i>
"Strafford".....	56
Surrey Theatre.....	75
Talfourd.....33, 51, 55, 56, 65, 67, 69, 126, 132, 133,	155, 186
Talma.....	20
Taylor, Sir Henry.....	75, 88
"Tempest".....	63, 67
Thoas, "Athenian Captive".....	61
Tree, Miss Ellen.....	56, 84
"Two Gentlemen of Verona".....	69
Valentio, "Conquest of Taranto".....	29
Valentine.....	69
Vendenhoff.....	58, 85, 185, 186
Virginus, "Virginus"....38, 44, 49, 143, 144, 145,	148, 182, 189
Wallace.....	33
"Wallace".....	40
"Wallenstein," Coleridge's.....	89
Walsingham, "Woman's Wit".....	62, 126
Webster, Benjamin.....	56, 62, 68, 69
Werner, "Werner".....49, 51, 59, 66, 85, 150, 152,	179, 184, 186, 189
"Wild Oats".....	11
William Tell, "William Tell"....45, 49, 53, 142, 179	
"Winter's Tale".....	44, 49, 59, 71
Wolsey, "King Henry VIII.".....	43, 44, 76
"Wonder, The".....	14, 21
Young.....	22, 24, 27, 34, 42, 51, 77, 190
Young, Marlow, "She Stoops to Conquer".....	16
Zanga, "Revenge".....	11, 40

Princeton University Library



32101 066164037